Memorable LondonHouses

Charles Dickens' House

By

WILMOT HARRISON

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(*Signed*) Wilfrid Harrison

MEMORABLE
LONDON HOUSES

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MEMORABLE
LONDON HOUSES

A HANDY GUIDE

WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES AND A REFERENCE PLAN

BY

WILMOT HARRISON

With One Hundred Original Illustrations from Drawings
made expressly for this Work by

G. N. MARTIN

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON
LIMITED
St. Dunstan's House
FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.
1889

"I have seen various places . . . . which have been rendered interesting by great men and their works; and I never found myself the worse for seeing them, but the better. I seem to have made friends with them in their own houses; to have walked and talked, and suffered and enjoyed with them. . . . . Even in London I find the principle hold good in me, though I have lived there many years, and of course associated it with every commonplace the most unpoetical. . . . . I once had duties to perform which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay through a neighbourhood in which Dryden lived; and though nothing could be more commonplace, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of my way, purely that I might pass through Gerrard Street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought."

LEIGH HUNT'S *Men, Women, and Books.*

PREFACE.

The reflection that many residents in, and visitors to London must, as they walk through its streets, desiderate a simple and easy means of identifying houses in which have lived those who have made a name in history; those whose works, literary, artistic, or scientific, continue to delight and instruct us; or those whose genius tradition has rendered famous, supplied to the author the motive for this little work.

The interest is distinctly *residential*—taverns, coffee-houses, and club-houses are not included; moreover, the houses of "the great," in the sense in which the term is applied to mere rank and fashion, have no place, nor will any "Romance of the Peerage" be found in these pages.

Knowledge, more or less, of the lives and labours of the personages referred to is, of necessity, presupposed. Biography and criticism of a hundred and forty individuals are alike excluded by the limits of a handbook. It may reasonably be assumed, however, that its contents can hardly fail to stimulate—and, it is hoped, assist—research, and, with increased knowledge on the reader's part, acquire additional interest and value. What has been attempted is, by a few pungent extracts, preferably from contemporary writers, to indicate salient points of character and conduct; to present a word-portrait of the subject "in his habit as he lived;" and to note such incidents and events as lend an additional interest to

103333

the house indicated; while the *entertainment* of the reader in the selection of anecdotes has not been overlooked.

The plan of the work does not include mere *sites* on which rebuilding has taken place, except where the present structure has been marked with a tablet by the Society of Arts, the omission to notice which might reasonably call for remark.

Mr. Martin's Illustrations cannot fail to be appreciated as souvenirs by the visitor. In some cases they will assist in identifying the houses indicated; in many the prevalent uniformity of the street will diminish their utility for this purpose; in most they may, if it so please the reader, be regarded as a satire on the depressing monotony and ugliness of London street architecture generally.

Routes are arranged for the convenience of those who desire it; but, the numbers on the margin corresponding with the blue figures on the Plan, the nature of the interest at any particular spot can be easily found in the book, or the position of a particular residence mentioned as readily discovered on the Plan: an Index of Streets as well as of Residents is also provided.

W. H.

May 1889.

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ROUTE I.

Distance 4½ *miles.*

Taking Piccadilly Circus or Charing Cross as our starting-point, we proceed eastward or northward to

LEICESTER SQUARE.

1 C 4

No. 47, on the west side, bearing a memorial tablet, was the property and residence of **Sir Joshua Reynolds**, from 1761 until his death. We read in Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters:*

> His study was octagonal, some twenty feet long by sixteen broad, and about fifteen feet high. The window was small and square, and the sill nine feet from the floor. . . . . He wrought standing and with great celerity. He rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his studio at ten, examined designs or touched unfinished portraits till eleven brought a sitter, painted till four, then dressed and gave the evening to company.

The dining-room—the front room on the ground floor

ERRATA.

Page 10, Norfolk Street. *For* 1804-1806, *read* 1814-1816.
,, 58, Curzon Street. *For* 1805-1810, *read* 1809-1810.
,, 61. *For* No. 72, *read* No. 77. The illustration represents No. 72 as stated; but its insertion is also an error.
,, 129, bottom line. *For* 1806, *read* 1816.

Street—Charlotte Street—Bolsover Street—Buckingham Street—Albany Street—Gower Street—Tavistock Square—Woburn Place—Great Coram Street—Brunswick Square—Russell Square—Torrington Square—Alfred Place—Bedford Square—Bedford Place—Bloomsbury Square . pp. 72 to 96

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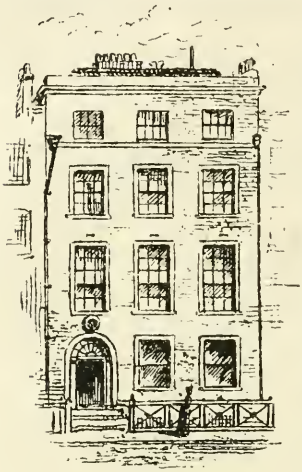
The dining-room—the front room on the ground floor—was often the recipient of many more guests than the order of the day provided for, as Sir Joshua frequently tempted afternoon visitors to remain, with the information that Johnson, Goldsmith, or Garrick were to be among his guests. He is described as rather under the

middle size, of a florid complexion, round features, and a pleasing aspect; manners extremely polished and agreeable, and, from the date of his return from Italy in 1752, compelled by deafness to resort to the use of an ear-trumpet for purposes of conversation. He died worth £80,000. The studio is now an auction-room. (Born 1723. Died 1792.)



47 Leicester Square.

On the east side of the square a memorial tablet marks the house, No. 30, now Archbishop Tennison's Schools, the north portion of which stands on the site of the residence and studio of **William Hogarth**; "a little man in a sky-blue coat," honest and liberal, but gross in his tastes and habits, and with very limited opportunities for intercourse with polite society. In this respect, as in others, he was the very antithesis of his opposite neighbour, Sir Joshua Reynolds, between whom and himself there was a standing feud; Reynolds being all for the study of the great masters, and Hogarth for the study of nature. One of his traits was a propensity to merriment on the most trivial occasions. On a card, inviting a friend to dine, he represented a pie with a knife and fork as supporters; and the following sport on three letters of the Greek alphabet:—"to Eta Beta Pi." His absence of mind was remarkable. Paying a visit to the Lord Mayor in a carriage, which he had just set up, and finding a heavy shower falling when he left—as it happened, by a different door from the one which he entered—he pro-

ceeded to call a coach; none, however, appeared, and off he sallied for Leicester Fields, without bestowing a thought on his own carriage, until asked by Mrs. Hogarth where he had left it. (Born 1697. Died 1764).

Hogarth's house was afterwards the residence of the Polish patriot, **Thaddeus Kosciusko** (born 1746, died 1817), and, at a later date, of Byron's **Countess Guiccioli** during her visits to England.

Between this house and the Alhambra, **No. 28,** is that in which resided, during the later years of his life, the eminent surgeon **John Hunter.** In a building erected in the rear he collected his museum (now at Surgeons' Hall). It was really a provision for his family, suggested by a dangerous illness in 1776, and intended to be offered to the purchase of Government, who bought it for £12,000. Gibbon, the historian, was among those who attended his lectures (see page 104). It was his custom to rise at sunrise and work till eight o'clock. He is described as short of stature, but remarkably strong, and capable of great bodily exertion. Being in St. George's Hall one day, a temper easily aroused was excited by some annoyance, and a spasmodic seizure took place, of which he died. (Born 1728. Died 1793.) 1 C 4

It may be mentioned here that the four busts in the square are those of Hogarth, Reynolds, Hunter, and Newton.

By the south side of the square we pass to

ST. MARTIN'S STREET,

remarkable for the residence, at different periods, in the same house, of two eminent persons. **No. 35,** next door to the entrance to Orange Street Chapel, was, as indicated by a memorial tablet, the residence of **Sir Isaac Newton.** He lived here from 1720 to 1725—two years before his death at Kensington. The house, 1 C 4

now occupied as the Warrant Officers' Club, is in much the same condition as when Sir Isaac lived in it, except that the old red brick has been covered with stucco. The observatory erected by him on the roof, after being used for some years as a Sunday-school, was taken away about twenty years since, and sold to supply some pews for the adjoining chapel. Newton used to say that the happiest years of his life were spent in this observatory. Until 1824 it was kept up for the inspection of the curious, and was visited by thousands. Sir David Brewster (*Life of Newton*) quotes an observation of Mr. Hearne that "Sir Isaac was a man of no very promising aspect. He was a short, well-set man. He was full of thought, and spoke little in company, so that his conversation was not agreeable. When he rode in his coach one arm would be out of his coach on one side, and the other on the other." On coming to reside in London:

> He lived in a very handsome style, and kept his carriage, with an establishment of three male and three female servants. In his own house he was hospitable and kind. . . . . His own diet was frugal, and his dress was always simple. His absence of mind was so great that, absorbed in thought, he would often sit down on his bedside after he rose, and remain there for hours without dressing himself.

An anecdote, which, however, lacks complete authentication, narrates how his intimate friend, Dr. Stukeley, having called and been shown into the dining-room where Sir Isaac's dinner awaited him, got tired of waiting, and hungry also, and consumed a chicken alone, replacing the bones on the dish. Sir Isaac presently entered and sat down, but on taking off the cover and seeing nothing but the bones, said, "How absent we philosophers are! I really thought that I had dined." (See NEWTON, page 138.) (Born 1642. Died 1727.)

Fanny Burney (see D'Arblay, page 54), was born here, where Dr. Burney resided. It was here that *Evelina*, well described as "the first realistic novel by a woman in which characters are sketched with vigour and

fidelity," was written. In *Celebrities of the Century* we read:

> The first manuscript, written at the age of eighteen, was burnt by her stepmother, who bade her mind her needlework instead of scribbling; but the girl's imagination was too strong to be thus summarily suppressed. Until she was twenty-five she worked at the novel, which was published anonymously, and brought her £20; but the best judges of English literature found true genius in the new writer, and *Evelina* won her the friendship and admiration of Johnson, who always showed a peculiar tenderness for the shrewd and spirited girl he called "little Burney."

Mr. Timbs (*Anecdotes of Authors and Artists*) says:

> The story of *Evelina* being printed when the author was but seventeen years old is proved to have been sheer invention, to trumpet the work into notoriety. . . . . The year of Miss Burney's birth was long involved in studied obscurity, and thus the deception lasted until, one fine day, it was ascertained, by reference to the register of the author's birth, that she was a woman of six or seven and twenty instead of a "miss in her teens" when she wrote *Evelina*.

It will be seen that in this account "printed" and "written" are used as convertible terms, which in the light of the former account they are not. (Born 1752. Died 1840.)

Crossing the Strand we pass into

CRAVEN STREET.

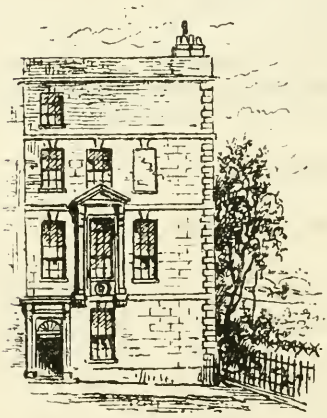
No. 7—rebuilt, but after its former fashion—was the favourite residence, in his more prosperous days (about 1770), of **Benjamin Franklin**. Here he boarded with a Mrs. Stevenson, and on the occasion of the absence of that lady from home, entertained his fellow-boarders by the issue of a series of whimsical papers, under the title of the *Craven Street Gazette*. Here is one of the paragraphs:—"At six o'clock this afternoon news came by the post that Her Majesty" (Mrs. Stevenson) "had arrived safely at Rochester on Saturday night. The bells

immediately rung—for candles to illuminate the parlour; the court went into cribbage; and the evening concluded with every demonstration of joy." (Jared Sparks' *Collected Edition of Franklin's Works.*) The house is marked by a memorial tablet. (Born 1706. Died 1770.)

2 — C 5 At **No. 27** in this street lived for several years, and died, **James Smith,** one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*, and chief deviser of the elder Mathews' Entertainments; of whom Lady Blessington said, "if he had not been a *witty* man he must have been a *great* man." It was of his own street that he wrote the epigram:—

> In Craven Street, Strand, the attorneys find place,
> And ten dark coal barges are moored at its base;
> Fly, honesty, fly! seek some safer retreat,
> There's craft in the river and craft in the street.

But the lawyers have deserted Craven Street long since, and in place of the barges we have the Thames Embankment. (Born 1775. Died 1839.)



3 — C 5 15 Buckingham Street.

Returning to the Strand we turn down

BUCKINGHAM STREET;

and at the extremity on the left, overlooking York Gate — formerly the river entrance to York House, the residence of Charles the Second's "Steenie," Duke of Buckingham —we find a fragment of the old palace still standing, and numbered **15**, used in its lower portion as the office

of the Charity Organization Society, and bearing a memorial tablet. **Peter the Great,** of Russia, was installed here soon after his arrival in England in 1697, being then twenty-six years of age. Here he used to spend his evenings with Lord Carmarthen, drinking hot brandy with pepper in it. During his visit to England he dressed in the English fashion, sometimes as a gentleman, sometimes as a sailor; but the mob soon found out his quality, and, as he went abroad with few attendants, his movements were considerably interfered with—the curiosity of the vulgar citizens compelling him at times to rise from dinner and leave the table in a rage. Arrangements were accordingly made for his residing in the house of John Evelyn at Deptford. (Born 1672. Died 1725.) A description of "my set of chambers" in *David Copperfield* appears to be the only ground for an assertion that Dickens lived here; the author has failed to find any confirmation of the statement (see page 19).

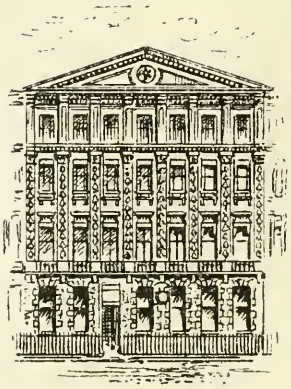
The house at the opposite corner occupies the site of that in which the famous diarist and "Clerk of the Acts of the Navy," Samuel Pepys, lived, and is itself interesting as the studio, on the ground-floor, of Etty and Stanfield in succession. We now pass to

ADELPHI TERRACE,

facing the river. **No. 5** is the centre house, and is marked by a memorial tablet. **David Garrick** lived here, at the time of his retirement from the stage, in 1776. He gave the entire proceeds of his final performance to the Theatrical Fund, on which act Dr. Doran (*Her Majesty's Servants*) remarks: 3 — C 5

> After this his weaknesses may surely be forgotten. He may have been as restless and ignorant as Macklin has described him, as full of contrasts and thirst for flattery as Goldsmith has painted him, as void of literary ability as Johnson and Walpole asserted him to be, and as foolish as Foote would have us take him for; but the closing act of his professional life may be cited in testimony of a noble and unselfish generosity.

He died here, in "the first-floor back," and was borne with the utmost pomp to Westminster Abbey; and here his widow lived for forty-three years after, playing the critic on Edmund Kean to the actor himself, and making comparisons with "Davy" not altogether to the taste of Kean; and, finally, dying on the night of the opening of the season at Drury Lane, having been previously dressed and ready to attend it. Garrick was born 1716. Died 1779. (See next page.)



5 Adelphi Terrace.

The witty Topham Beauclerk also died in the Terrace; and Boswell tells how Johnson and he stopped a little while by the railings looking on the Thames (which then flowed directly beneath), and mourned over the two friends they had lost, who once lived in the building behind them. Passing eastward along the Strand we come to

CECIL STREET.

4 / C 5 From **No. 21** in this street, on the evening of January 26, 1814, emerged an ill-dressed lodger, poor and unknown, to return to it a few hours later with fame and fortune in certain prospect. This was the great actor, **Edmund Kean,** who that night took theatre-going London by storm in Shylock. "A few days later his sordid mantelpiece was strewn with bank-notes, and his son Charles was sitting on the floor playing with a heap of guineas." This description by Mr. Thornbury (*Old and New London*) is from a visitor

to the Keans, whose call, however, according to Mr. Molloy's recent *Life of Kean*, was really made in the May following, when Kean's receipts in salary and presents were vastly in excess of the £8 a week with which he commenced his engagement. We meet with other reminiscences of this wayward genius in our perambulations westward. (Born 1777. Died 1833. See page 55.)

Crossing the Strand a little further eastward, we turn up

21 Cecil Street.

SOUTHAMPTON STREET.

No. 27, near the top on the left, was the residence, from the time of his marriage to that of his removal to Adelphi Terrace (see page 7), some twenty years, of **David Garrick.** 5

C 5

One of the good chocolate-coloured houses, built of sound old brick, its long windows very close together, and with more architectural purpose than any house in the street. Within there is plenty of the old panelling, and beyond the study the little room where Mr. and Mrs. Garrick used to breakfast. (Percy Fitzgerald's *Life of Garrick*.)

The windows were narrower still, and less close, in Garrick's time. The study and breakfast-room, which were built out in the rear, are now removed. In the hall hangs a shield, with Garrick's arms and an inscription that here "he read in the parlour *Othello* to the critics, and in the first-floor held the party when Goldsmith went to borrow the guinea, and seeing the wax candles, his heart failed him." In 1754 the premises were in no small peril from a mob of rioters, who desired to punish the actor-manager's neglect of public

sentiment, in engaging a troup of French ballet-dancers at a time when we were at war with that country. (Born 1716. Died 1779.)

THE STRAND.

6 C 5 No. 149—now the office of the *Pictorial World*—was in 1782 a lodging-house, having among its tenants **Sarah Siddons**; and there is a record of a frugal but joyous supper eaten here by her husband, her father Roger Kemble, and herself, on the night of her first appearance in London, in October of the year above named. (See SIDDONS, pages 117, 129.) (Born 1755. Died 1831.)

At **342**, on the north side of the Strand, at the corner of Catherine Street, now a jeweller's shop, **Benjamin Robert Haydon** lodged when, a youth of eighteen, he first came to London from Plymouth (See NORTHCOTE, page 77). The very morning he arrived, as he narrates in his *Autobiography*, he hurried off to view the exhibition of pictures at Somerset House; but, ignorant of London topography, he "mistook the new church in the Strand for that building, ran up the steps, and offered his shilling to the beadle!" (See HAYDON, page 111.) (Born 1786. Died 1846.)

Continuing along the Strand we come, on the right hand, to

NORFOLK STREET.

7 C 6 At **No. 42** (see opposite page), **Samuel Taylor Coleridge** was living in 1804–1806. (See COLERIDGE, page 129.) (Born 1772. Died 1834.)

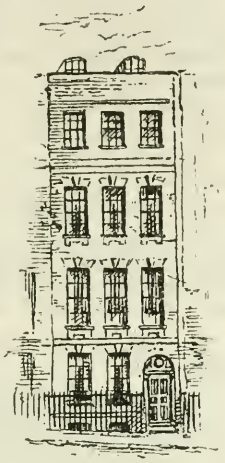
Returning to Catherine Street, we pass thence into

YORK STREET.

8 C 5 At **No. 4**, one of two houses now occupied by Messrs. Bell, the publishers, laboured **Thomas de Quincey**. Mr. Lawrence Hutton (*Literary Landmarks*) writes:

The Confessions of an Opium-Eater were written in a little back room at No. 4 York Street, Covent Garden, on the premises of Mr. Bohn, the book-dealer and publisher, where De Quincey lived a comparatively secluded life for some time.

"A very diminutive man," says Mr. James Payn (*Recollections*), "carelessly—very carelessly—dressed, a face lined and careworn . . . . a face like death in life. The instant he began to speak, however, it lit up as though by electric light." His craving for opium, originally resorted to as a cure for neuralgia, grew upon him to such an extent, that he was known to take, at times, as much as ten wineglasses a day. By persistent efforts he reduced this quantity to moderate limits, but would occasionally indulge in excess as formerly. (Born 1786. Died 1859.)



42 Norfolk Street.

At the northern end of Catherine Street lies

RUSSELL STREET.

No. 20, on the north side, west of Bow Street, was occupied in its upper part, 1817–1823, by **Charles Lamb.** He removed here from 4 Inner Temple Lane—since rebuilt; the fifth change of residence during the twenty-one years that had elapsed since the dreadful tragedy—the death of his mother by his sister's hand, in a fit of insanity—at Little Queen Street. Writing of his removal here, he says: "We are in the individual spot we like best in all this great city." 9 / C 5

The house has undergone "structural alteration," and its former appearance was doubtless identical with the

old house at the corner. Some confusion has arisen from Lamb, in one of his letters, describing the house as "at the corner," and, moreover, Barry Cornwall says he visited him here, at a "corner house adjoining Bow Street;" but Lamb also refers to the situation as "next to the corner," and Mary Lamb to the view of Drury Lane Theatre from the front windows, and of Covent Garden Theatre from "the back-room windows." The corner house has no windows in the rear, and the numbers in the street are as they stand on Horwood's Plan of London for 1819.

Referring to Lamb's Wednesday evenings here, which he contrasts so delightfully with the Holland House assemblies, Talfourd writes (*Life of Lamb*):

> The perpetual influx of visitors whom he could not repel, whom, indeed, he was always glad to welcome, but whose visits unstrung him, induced him to take lodgings at Dalston, to which he occasionally retired when he wished for repose.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in a note on this passage, says:

> This series of little festivities, duly celebrated with punch and supper, was wholly unsuited to such excitable natures, and though Sir J. N. Talfourd puts the matter as delicately as he can, there is no doubt that flight became a matter of absolute necessity. . . . . Mr. Crabb Robinson, who resided there (at Dalston), found Mary Lamb pale and thin, and just recovered from one of her attacks.
>
> The constant impendency of this giant sorrow (says Talfourd, *Later Memorials of Lamb*), saddened even their holiday, as the journey which they both regarded as the relief and charm of the year was frequently followed by a seizure, and when they ventured to take it, a strait-waistcoat, carefully packed by Miss Lamb herself, was their constant companion. . . . . On one occasion Mr. Charles Lloyd met them slowly pacing together a little footpath in Hoxton Fields, both weeping bitterly, and found on joining them that they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum.

A "small spare man in black," was Charles Lamb. ("I take it," the wearer used to say, "to be the proper costume for an author.") "With a countenance," writes

Barry Cornwall, "pregnant with expression, deep lines in his forehead, quick, luminous, restless eyes, and a smile as sweet as ever threw sunshine upon a human face." Lamb removed to Islington from Dalston in 1825. (See page 122.) (Born 1775. Died 1834.)

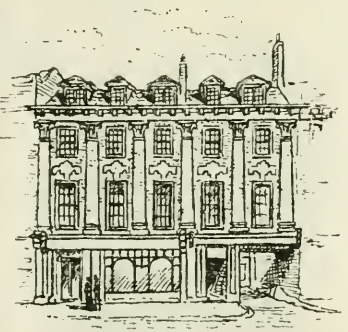
A passing reference may be made to the fact that the corner house, and, as some say, one on either side, stands on the site of Will's Coffee House, where Dryden presided. "The wits' room," says Peter Cunningham, "was upstairs on the first floor." Here there was a balcony much resorted to in genial weather.

By Bow Street and Long Acre we pass to

GREAT QUEEN STREET.

Nos. 55 and **56**, on the south side, the style of architecture of which indicates that of the entire row of houses as built from a design by Inigo Jones, was the residence of **Richard Brinsley Sheridan**, at the time of Garrick's death (whose moiety in the patent of Drury Lane Theatre he purchased) in 1779. *The School for Scandal*, produced two years earlier, was probably written either here or at Orchard Street, where he took a house on his marriage with Miss Linley. Of Sheridan's private life nothing is known, save that he was always in debt and difficulties. It seems surprising to read of so accomplished a writer that "he could not spell correctly, and in his letters perpetual blunders occurred, and no pains were taken to rectify them."

10 B5



55, 56 Great Queen Street.

(Jerdan's *Men I Have Known.*) He appears to have removed from here about 1790. (See SHERIDAN, pages 38, 66.) (Born 1751. Died 1816.)

Proceeding along the west and south sides of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, we pass through Lincoln's Inn into

CHANCERY LANE.

11 / B6 A tablet very recently placed on the southern part of the unattractive range of buildings which forms part of Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, indicates the residence (**No. 24**, in the Square) of **John Thurloe**, Secretary of State to Oliver Cromwell, and author of "State Papers" —a curious collection ranging from reports of spies to Cromwell's letters and speeches—said to have been found in a false ceiling here, and published in 1742. Thurloe was called to the bar in 1647, and lived here until 1659. He declined to serve King Charles II. on the plea that he despaired of serving the king as he had served Cromwell, "whose rule was to seek out men for places, not places for men." (Born 1616. Died 1668.)

185, 186 Fleet Street.

FLEET STREET.

Next to St. Dunstan's Church, on its east side, is **No. 186**, and adjoining it are the two oldest houses in Fleet Street, noteworthy as indicating

12 / C6 the point at which the great fire stopped in its progress westward, and as serving to show the style of architecture of **No. 186**, at the time when it was the residence

of the topographical poet, author of *The Polyolbion*, **Michael Drayton**. The house is described by Aubrey as "ye bay-windowe house," next to the east end of St. Dunstan's Church. To bring before us the appearance of the spot in those days we must substitute for the present church, built in 1830, the old church lying east and west, and obtruding itself some twenty to thirty feet into the roadway; and with shops with overhanging signs built against it on the north and east. Drayton was born 1563. Died 1631.

No. 17 Fleet Street, which falsely announces itself as "formerly the Palace of King Henry the Eighth and Cardinal Wolsey," was part of a gate-house belonging to the Middle Temple. It was built in the time of James I., when it was the office of the Duchy of Cornwall.

MIDDLE TEMPLE.

No. 2 Brick Court has an undying interest, as 12 C6 associated with the last six years of the life of **Oliver Goldsmith**. Here, in 1768, he purchased, with the greater part of the proceeds of his play, *The Good-Natured Man*, (for which he received £500), a set of chambers "up two pairs of stairs," and furnished them with "mahogany sofas, card-tables, book-cases with curtains, mirrors, and Wilton carpets. His awkward person was also furnished in a style befitting his apartments; for, in addition to his suit of Tyrian bloom-green satin, we find another

2 Brick Court.

charged about this time in the books of Mr. Filby in no less gorgeous terms, being 'lined with silk and furnished with gold buttons.' " (Irving's *Goldsmith.*) Here he gave parties to young people, when dancing took place, and blindman's buff was played, and that learned lawyer, Mr. Blackstone, who occupied the rooms below, engaged upon his famous *Commentaries*, complained that the noise above drove him to the verge of madness. In 1771, Sir Joshua Reynolds calling on him here, found him kicking a bundle, which contained a masquerade dress, about the floor, in disgust at his folly in wasting his money in so foolish a way, and here he died three years later. When he was buried, among the crowd of all ranks were many poor outcasts to whom he had been charitable. " His rooms," says Mr. Forster (*Life of Goldsmith*), " were on the right hand, on the second floor going up the stairs, and consisted of two reasonably sized old-fashioned rooms, with a third smaller room or sleeping closet." The outward aspect of the building, and of the staircase, is quite unchanged. (See GOLDSMITH, next page.) (Born 1728. Died 1774.)

A pleasant walk through the Temple leads us to the southern end of

BOUVERIE STREET.

12 / C 6 At **No. 3,** the first floor was, in 1829, the home of **William Hazlitt,** who resided here with his son ; his second wife (the first, who was divorced from him, still living) having separated from him after a brief union, while travelling on the Continent, three years before. Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, his grandson, in the *Life of Hazlitt*, tells us " there was an alarm of fire while he was here, and the business was to get the pictures away—the copies of Titian and 'The Death of Clorinda.' He was cross with my father for being so cool, but he himself did nothing but act the bystander with great success. They were temporarily deposited, till the

danger was over, at the Sussex Coffee House over the way." The same writer says that Hazlitt "got into disfavour with some of his landladies, from writing out heads of contemplated essays on *Men and Manners* over the mantelpiece in lead pencil. Every scrap of paper that came to hand was turned to a similar purpose." (See HAZLITT, page 74.) (Born 1778. Died 1830.)

Making a single exception to our rule of noting *residences* only in this work, we turn out of Fleet Street into

WINE OFFICE COURT,

to visit the "Cheshire Cheese" tavern, the sole surviving relic in London—and still preserved in its pristine simplicity of wooden benches and sanded floor—of the taverns of the past. Moreover, it was here that Johnson, Goldsmith, Boswell and their intimates met. "Johnson's seat," says Cyrus Redding—who had conversed with Fleet Street tradesmen who had seen Johnson there twenty years before—"was on the window-seat, and Goldsmith sat on his left hand." We leave Wine Office Court with a sigh of regret that we cannot identify the present **No. 6**—erected according to an inscription on the second story in 1830—with the house in which Oliver Goldsmith was rescued from the clutches of his landlady and the bailiffs by Johnson's prompt assistance in disposing of the *Vicar of Wakefield* for £60. 13 B 6

Hind Court leads from Fleet Street to

GOUGH SQUARE.

A memorial tablet on **No. 17** marks the residence, from 1748 to 1758, of **Samuel Johnson.** This is one of sixteen houses in which he lived in London. Two were in Holborn, two in the Strand, others in Bow Street, Catherine Street, and Woodstock Street, off the Strand, the rest in Castle Street (opposite Barry's), Boswell Court, Staple Inn, Gray's Inn, Inner Temple 13 B 6

Lane, Johnson's Court—not named after him—and Bell Court, where, at No. 7, he died. All these have disappeared, or cannot be identified. In Gough Square his wife died, and here he wrote the greater part of his Dictionary, and began *The Rambler* and *The Idler*. The garret, with its sloping roof, in which his six amanuenses worked, and his own study, are still to be seen. Boswell describes his first visit to Johnson, a few years later, at Inner Temple Lane :

17 Gough Square.

It must be confessed that his apartment and furniture and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty ; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head ; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose, his black worsted stockings ill drawn up ; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. . . . . He told me that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask him if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit.

Croker, in a note to Boswell's *Johnson*, says :

Dr. Johnson's wigs were in general very shabby, and their fore-parts were burned by the near approach of the candle, which his shortsightedness rendered necessary in reading. At Streatham Mr. Thrale's butler always had a wig ready, and as Johnson passed from the dining-room when dinner was announced, the servant would remove the ordinary wig and replace it with the newer one, and this ludicrous ceremony was performed every day.

Leigh Hunt (*The Town*) writes :

At this time [says Barber, his servant] he had little for himself, but frequently sent money to Mr. Shiels when in distress

[Shiels was one of his amanuenses on the Dictionary]. His friends and visitors in Gough Square are a good specimen of what they always were—a miscellany creditable to the largeness of his humanity. These were Cave, Dr. Hawkesworth, Miss Carter, Mr. Macauley, Mr. (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds, Langton, Mrs. Williams (a poor poetess whom he maintained in his house), Mr. Levett (an apothecary on the same footing), Garrick, Lord Orrery, Lord Southwell, and Mrs. Gardiner, wife of a tallow-chandler on Snow Hill, "not in the learned way," said Mr. Barber, "but a worthy good woman."

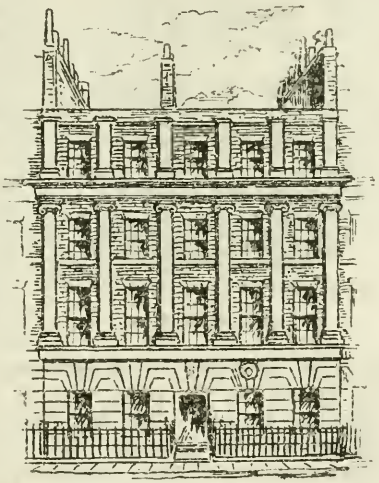
(Born 1709. Died 1784.)

We now pass by Fetter Lane into Holborn, on the north side of which is

FURNIVAL'S INN.

Just inside the entrance, on the right, we find a memorial tablet marking the chambers of **Charles Dickens**. This appears to have been his first residence after leaving his father's lodgings in Bentinck Street. A statement that in the interim he had chambers at 15 Buckingham Street lacks confirmation. The *Sketches by Boz* were written here, and the larger portion of *The Pickwick Papers;* and here Thackeray, then fluctuating between literary and artistic inclinings, called upon the young author, in 1836, with an offer to undertake the illustration of

14
B 6



Furnival's Inn.

that immortal work. We are able in these pages to follow Dickens, topographically, through his entire career in London, and are about to visit his second residence by passing up the Gray's Inn Road to

DOUGHTY STREET.

15 At **No. 48**, on the east side, lived **Charles Dickens** from 1837, on his marriage to Miss Hogarth, till 1840. Here *Pickwick* was finished, and *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* were written. He removed here from Furnival's Inn. Forster (*Life of Dickens*) tells us that he was very fond of riding at this time, and his notion of finding relief from mental toil in severe bodily exercise (which he afterwards acted on by walking at times from his house at Gadshill, near Rochester, to London, a distance of thirty miles, sometimes during the night) is exemplified in his invitation to Forster to "join him at 11 A.M. in a fifteen-mile ride out and ditto in, lunch on the road, with a six-o'clock dinner in Doughty Street." Carlyle's mention of Dickens in his *Diary* is of this period, 1840. "Pickwick, too, was of the same dinner-party, though they do not seem to heed him over-much. He is a fine little fellow—boy, I think. Clear, blue, intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large, protrusive, rather loose mouth, a face of most extreme *mobility*, which he shuttles about—eye-

A 5

48 Doughty Street.

brows, eyes, mouth, and all—in a very singular manner whilst speaking." (Froude's *Carlyle*.) From Mr. T. A. Trollope (*What I Remember*) we have the following testimony to the worth of Dickens:

> He was a hearty man, a large-hearted man, that is to say. He was perhaps the largest-hearted man I ever knew. . . . . His benevolence, his active, energizing desire for good to all God's creatures, and restless anxiety to be in some way active for the achieving of it, were unceasing and busy in his heart ever and always.

(See DICKENS, pages 19, 90, 110, 115.) (Born 1812. Died 1870.)

At **No. 8 Sydney Smith** was living in 1803–1806, receiving £50 per annum as evening preacher at the Foundling Hospital. "On his first arrival there" (in London) writes Lady Holland (*Memoirs of Sydney Smith*) "he took a small house in Doughty Street, Russell Square, attracted thither by the legal society which then resided in that part of London, and of which he was very fond." As evidence of his popularity in the pulpit we are told of his appointment as morning preacher at Berkeley Chapel at this time, that "in a few weeks after my father accepted it, not a seat was to be had, and gentlemen and ladies frequently stood in the aisles during the whole service." (See SMITH, pages 37, 44, 57, 97.) (Born 1771. Died 1845.)

15
A 5

ROUTE II.

Distance $2\frac{3}{4}$ *miles.*

We commence our excursion at Charing Cross.

SPRING GARDENS

16 — D 5 is a tortuous thoroughfare, entered just below the statue of King Charles the First. At **No. 30**, formerly No. 2 New Street, **Sir Astley Cooper**, the eminent physician, lived from 1815 to 1825. (Born 1768. Died 1841.)

17 — D 5 30 Charing Cross.

A narrow passage leads from the southern end of Spring Gardens to

WHITEHALL,

nearly opposite **No. 30 Charing Cross.** This house, the lower part of which is a musical instrument maker's shop, has been held, on the authority of Jesse and other writers, to be that in which **James Thomson** resided in 1725, over the shop of Egerton, a bookseller. His apartments were on the first floor, and we are told that at this time he was "gaping about the town listlessly and getting his pockets picked, and forced to wait on great persons with his poem of 'Winter,' in order to find a patron." A part of his "Summer" is said to have been written here. "In person Thomson was rather short

than above the middle size; his countenance was not remarkable for expression. . . . . The besetting sin of Thomson's character was indolence. He seldom rose before noon, and his time for composition was generally about midnight" (*Memoir*, by Sir Harris Nicolas). (Born 1700. Died 1748.)

Going southward, we turn off Parliament Street, on the left, to

WHITEHALL GARDENS.

At **No. 4** lived for some years before his death **Sir Robert Peel.** He died here in the dining-room, from 18 — D 5

4 Whitehall Gardens.

the effects of a fall from his horse on Constitution Hill. Writing of him two years previously Carlyle, in his journal, thus describes him:

A finely made man of strong, not heavy, rather of elegant stature, stands straight, head slightly thrown back and head modestly drooping. . . . . He is towards sixty, and though not

broken at all, carries especially in his complexion, when you are near him, marks of that age; clear strong blue eyes which kindle on occasion, voice extremely good, low-toned, something of *cooing* in it, rustic, affectionate, honest, mildly persuasive. (Froude's *Carlyle*).

(Born 1788. Died 1850. See page 63.)

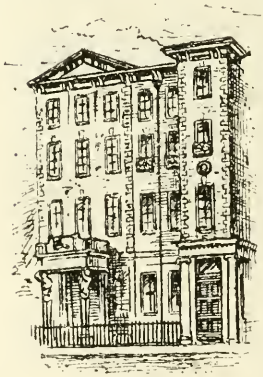
No. 2 was the residence for several years from 1873 of **Benjamin Disraeli**, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield. The date is that of the resumption of literary labour after an interval of many years, resulting in the production of *Lothair* and other works. (Born 1804. Died 1881. See pages 44, 60, 95.)

We now pass through the "Horse Guards" to the steps at the base of the Duke of York's column, and thence to

PALL MALL,

19 and at **Nos. 81** and **82**, on the south side, note a memorial tablet on a building which was formerly part of a wing of the residence of the great Duke of Schomberg, killed at the age of eighty-one at the Battle of the Boyne. John Astley the painter (at a period, of course, posterior to that in which he re-lined his waistcoats with pieces of the canvas used for his pictures), afterwards occupied Schomberg House, and divided it; the part of the right wing now remaining, being rented at £300 a year by **Thomas Gainsborough**, from 1778 to 1788. Here he painted the famous "Blue Boy" (a portrait of a Master Bullatt in a dress approaching to cerulean splendour), to refute Sir Joshua Reynolds' objec-

D4



81, 82 Pall Mall.

tion to blue in the mass—whether successfully or not has been much debated. Reynolds himself sat to Gainsborough here, and, in a second-floor chamber of the house, Sir Joshua was present at the artist's death-bed, and heard his last words, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." Gainsborough, who is described as a fair, handsome man, tall and well-proportioned, with regular features, was a musical enthusiast. The author of *Nollekens and his Times* writes:

> Upon our arrival at Mr. Gainsborough's the artist was listening to a violin, and held up his fingers as a request for silence. Colonel Hamilton was playing to him in so exquisite a manner that Gainsborough exclaimed, "Now, my dear Colonel, if you will but go on I will give you that picture of the *Boy at the Stile*, which you have so often wished to purchase of me." [A gift which the Colonel—a gentleman who combined an incongruous pre-eminence as an amateur musician and a *pugilist*—duly carried off on his departure.]

Gainsborough's house was the constant resort of musical professors, one of whom gained the affection of one of his daughters, and married her, with the artist's consent, though without his approbation. (Born 1727. Died 1788.)

At the foot of St. James's Street, is

CLEVELAND ROW.

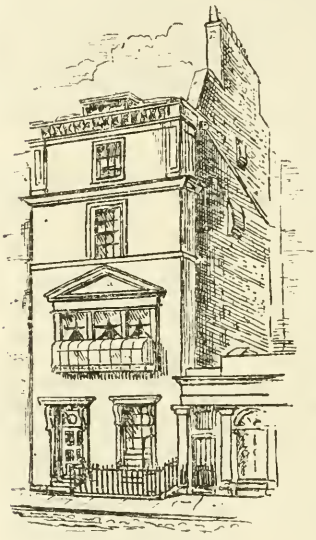
At **No. 5**, in 1827, lived the author of *Gilbert Gurney*, and perpetrator of the famous "Berners Street Hoax," **Theodore Hook**. From Barham's *Life* of Hook we learn that he removed from Putney in 1827, and "hired a large and fashionable mansion in Cleveland Row, for which he paid £200 a year," and furnished and decorated it at a cost of from £2000 to £3000. For a large portion of the amount credit was taken, and the embarrassment which resulted compelled his retirement to Fulham, in 1831, where he died. Mr. S. C. Hall (*Memories*) describes Hook at about this time as above the middle height, robust of frame, broad of chest, well-proportioned, with dark complexion, and features some-

20 D4

what heavy in expression. Later on a constant resort to stimulants caused a great deterioration in his appearance. (See LAMB, page 122.) (Born 1788. Died 1841.)

ST. JAMES'S STREET.

21 D4 At **No. 8**, from 1809 to 1813, lodged **Lord Byron**. It was here that, to use his own words, he "awoke one morning to find himself famous," after the publication of the first and second cantos of *Childe Harold*. The house has since been raised one story. (See BYRON, pages 30, 66.) (Born 1788. Died 1824.)



22 D3 22 St. James's Place.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE

turns out of St. James's Street on the west side. At its extreme end is **No. 22**, than which few houses have seen more brilliant assemblages in point of talent than those which were wont to meet there during the first forty years of the century. It was the residence of the banker-poet, **Samuel Rogers**. The best rooms face the Green Park. In one of these, seated in the chair to which his infirmities kept him a prisoner, at ninety years of age, he has been pictured as feeding the love of the beautiful, which was a passion with him, by "delighting to watch the changing colours of the evening sky."

The furniture [we read in *The Life and Letters* of Macaulay] has been selected with a delicacy of taste quite unique. Its value does not depend on fashion, but must be the same while the fine arts are held in any esteem. In the drawing-room, for example, the chimney-pieces are carved by Flaxman into the most beautiful Grecian forms. The bookcase is painted by Stothard in his very best manner, with groups from Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Boccaccio. The pictures are not numerous, but every one is excellent.

Rogers used, at one period, on the occasion of his dinner-parties, to have candles placed all round the room, and high up, in order to show off the pictures. "I asked Sydney Smith," he writes, "how he liked that plan?" "Not at all," he replied; "above there is a blaze of light, and below nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth." (Rogers's *Table Talk.*)

It was at Rogers's that Byron first met Moore, and affected a lack of appetite for anything except potatoes and vinegar, biscuits and soda-water—and made a hearty meat supper at his club afterwards. "Rogers," writes Washington Irving (*Life and Letters*), "has one of the completest and most elegant little bachelor establishments I have ever seen. It is as real, and elegant, and finished as his own principal poem." Mr. S. C. Hall draws a very unfavourable portrait of Rogers, as "ugly, if not repulsive;" but this is not confirmed by other writers, and Mr. Js. T. Fields (*Old Acquaintance*) says, "His brain was one of the amplest and most perfectly shaped I ever saw, and his countenance was very far from unpleasant." (Born 1763. Died 1855.)

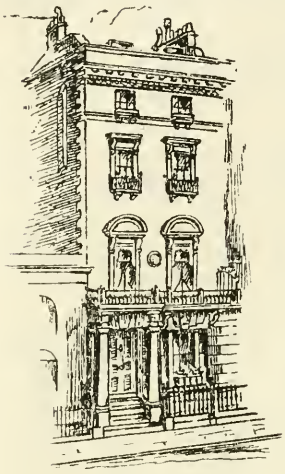
Returning to St. James's Street, we pass along

KING STREET,

and at the extreme end, on the left-hand side, note a memorial tablet on **No. 1c**, commemorating the residence there for two years, 1838–1840, of **Napoleon Third**, then Prince Louis Napoleon, recently expelled from Switzerland by demand of the French Government, on

23
D4

account of the indiscreet publication, by one of his adherents, of a "seditious" book on "the affair of Strasbourg." It was while living here that he was enrolled as a special constable on the occasion of the Chartist demonstration; took part in the famous Eglintoun tournament, and was a familiar figure in London society; and from hence he departed for Boulogne on the unfortunate enterprise which resulted in his imprisonment in the fortress of Ham. On the occasion of his visit to England as Emperor, he took particular pleasure in pointing out this house to the Empress in their passage through the streets. The late Bishop Wilberforce met him at this period, and describes him in his diary (*Life*) as "mean-looking and small, and with a tendency to *embonpoint*, and a remarkable way of, as it were, swimming up a room, with an uncertain gait; a small grey eye, looking cunning, but with an aspect of softness about it too." (Born 1808. Died 1873.)



1*c* King Street.

DUKE STREET.

24 / C 4 **No. 10**, now Sussex Chambers, was in 1832 the headquarters of the Polish Association, and, as we learn from Dr. Beattie's *Memoir*, the poet, **Thomas Campbell**, occupied an upper room here at that time; getting up at seven to write letters for the Association, breakfasting at nine or half-past, and going to his club to read the papers till twelve. "Then I sit down," writes the poet,

"to my own studies, and with many and also vexatious interruptions, do what I can till four. I then walk round the Park, and generally dine at six. Between nine and ten I return to chambers, read a book or write a letter, and go to bed before twelve." He prefaces this account with the remark, "I am not dissatisfied with my existence as it is now occupied." Elsewhere we have a different account of his habits, which for a time at least, at Duke Street, seem to have undergone a change. (See page 109.) (Born 1777. Died 1844.)

At **No. 8, Captain Marryat** was lodged at the time when *Percival Keene* was written, 1837–1839. (See MARRYAT, page 105.) (Born 1792. Died 1848.)

At **No. 15** lodged, in 1833, **Thomas Moore**. Two houses in Bury Street, in which Moore lived, no longer exist. His stay here was probably very brief. All writers have a good word for Moore. Barry Cornwall (*Recollections*) describes him as "a very little round-faced man," with "an easily-worn and not unpleasant assurance." Mr. Symington in his *Life Sketch* of Moore, quotes Byron; "In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and altogether more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted"; Mr. S. C. Hall, who describes him as "graceful, small and slim in figure, a forehead not broad or high, but singularly impressive and full"; and Jeffries, who declared him to be "the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefullest creature that ever set fortune at defiance." (See MOORE, page 106.) (Born 1779. Died 1852.)

24
C 4

The value of lodgings in this neighbourhood at the present time is in remarkable contrast to that of the year 1710, when "the mad parson"—as Swift was called at Will's—wrote to "Stella" from Bury Street: "I have a first-floor, a dining-room and a bedroom, at eight shillings a week; plaguey dear!"

We return, by Jermyn Street, at the north end of Duke Street, to

ST. JAMES'S STREET.

25 — D4 At **No 29** a tragic occurrence took place in 1815. **James Gilray**, the caricaturist, who for four years had been mentally deranged, chiefly through intemperance, committed suicide by flinging himself from an upper window. His landlady was also the dealer in his productions, which drew crowds to the shop-windows. (Born 1785. Died 1815.)

BENNETT STREET.

26 — D3 At **No. 4**, in 1813–1814, lived **Lord Byron**. In his letters he sometimes calls it "Benedictine Street." The *Giaour*, *Bride of Abydos*, and *Corsair* were produced here. In his Diary (Moore's *Life of Byron*) he describes himself during one week as passing his time "in reading, seeing plays—now and then visitors; sometimes yawning and sometimes sighing, but no writing, save of letters." On this entry follow some reflections on the influence of women, and then: "Even Mrs. Mule, my firelighter—the most ancient and withered of her kind—and (except to myself) not the best-tempered, always makes me laugh—no difficult task when I am in the vein." In a note on this passage Moore says he took this "ancient housemaid, of whose gaunt and withered appearance it would be impossible to convey any idea but by the

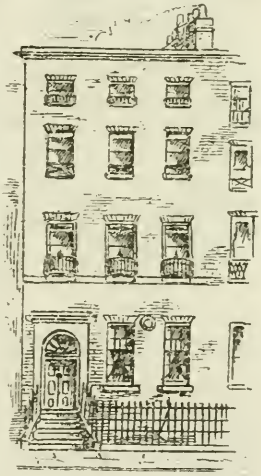
4 Bennett Street.

pencil," whom he first encountered in Bennett Street, with him to the Albany, and subsequently to Piccadilly on his marriage; and that one of the great advantages which his friends looked forward to in each change of residence was that "they should get rid of this phantom. But no, there she was again! When asked 'how he came to carry this old woman about with him from place to place,' Lord Byron's only answer was, 'The poor old devil has been so kind to me.'" (See BYRON, pages 26, 66.) (Born 1788. Died 1824.)

ARLINGTON STREET.

No. 5, marked by a memorial tablet, was the residence for many years of **Sir Robert Walpole,** of whom Burke said:—"The prudence, steadiness, and vigilance of that man, joined to the greatest possible lenity in his character and conduct, preserved the crown to this Royal Family, and, with it, their laws and liberties to this country." He is credited with the saying that "every man has his price." "What he did say," writes Ewald (*Biography*), "was, 'All these men'—alluding to the vain, the mercenary, and the culpably ambitious—'have their price!' a very different remark, and as applicable now as then." The same writer remarks: "He was notoriously immoral .... indulged freely in the pleasures of the table, and was not a little of a sot"; but "he was of an eminently kindly nature"; and quotes Pulteney's remark to Johnson

26 — D 3



5 Arlington Street.

that "Sir Robert was of a temper so calm and equal, and so hard to be provoked, that he was very sure he never felt the bitterest invective against him for half an hour." "Biography has to record, however," writes Ewald, that when he was assaulted by Townshend, in Selwyn's house, in resentment of a charge of insincerity and hypocrisy, "these two distinguished men were not ashamed to resent their wrongs by a personal struggle which might have been approved by the frequenters of a village taproom"; and, moreover, he once went behind the scenes at Drury Lane and soundly thrashed an actor who had extemporized some lines directed against him as the promoter of the Playhouse Bill, which invested the Lord Chamberlain with the supervision which he still—as most people think, needlessly—exercises. Walpole's wife died in 1737, when he married his mistress, Maria Skerrett. In 1745 he was created Lord Orford. An acute malady from which he suffered was increased by four days' journey from Houghton in reply to a summons from the King before the opening of Parliament, and he died here in great suffering. (Born 1676. Died 1745.)

From 1742 to 1779 also lived here his son, **Horace Walpole,** "printer (he had a printing-press at Strawberry Hill), publisher, author, connoisseur, architect, builder, politician, and fine gentleman." He previously lived at **24,** where a mysterious burglary, in which nothing was stolen, took place; the house is now removed. Of his personal appearance, we read in *The Georgian Era* that "he was short and slender, his countenance long retained its boyish appearance, and was, upon the whole, prepossessing; his eyes were particularly fine, but his smile is said to have been unpleasing, and his laugh uncouth." *The Castle of Otranto* was published anonymously in 1765. In 1779 he removed to Berkeley Square. (See WALPOLE, page 50.) (Born 1717. Died 1797.)

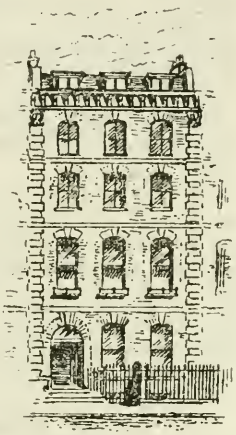
No. 9 was in the occupation, during the last two

years of his life, of **Charles James Fox.** He passed his time at St. Anne's Hill for the most part at this period; and it is pleasant to learn, on the authority of Rogers, that in his retirement Fox had reformed his habits, and "resided in the most perfect sobriety and regularity" (*Table-Talk*). In Walpole's *Life of Fox*, he is described in his later years as "about the middle size, and of late years he had become very corpulent and unwieldy; his features, which were strongly marked, exhibited an appearance of shrewdness and ability, and his eyes in the midst of a debate or an interesting conversation were uncommonly animated." (See pages 48, 142.) (Born 1749. Died 1806.)

We now cross Piccadilly to

ALBEMARLE STREET,

To **No. 50a** (still in the occupation of the firm), in 1812, was removed the publishing business of **John Murray,** who had previously carried it on in Fleet Street, "over against St. Dunstan's Church." That it well deserves a place among "memorable houses," the following extract from Curwen's *History of Booksellers* alone supplies sufficient evidence:



50*a* Albemarle Street.

27
C 3

His drawing-room at four o'clock became the favourite resort of all the talent in literature and art that London then possessed, and there *were* giants in those days. There it was his custom of an afternoon to gather together such men as Byron, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Southey, Gifford, Hallam, Lockhart, West, Irving, and Mrs. Somerville; and, more than this, he invited such artists as Lawrence, Wilkie, Phillips, Newton, and Pickersgill to meet them and to paint them, that they might hang for

ever on his walls. Famous tales, too, are told of "publishers' dinners," of tables surrounded as never any kings' tables, but that of the "Emperor of the West's" had ever been.

"Eh, mon, it was such a dinner," said Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, "and such drink as nae words can describe" (Grant's *Portraits of Popular Characters*).

Referring to a réunion at Horace Twiss's, Curwen gives the following extempore epigram by Hook:

My friend, John Murray, I see, has arrived at the head of the table,
And the wonder is, at this time of night, that John Murray should be able;
He's an excellent hand at supper, and not a bad hand at lunch,
But the devil of John Murray is that he never will pass the punch!

Byron, with whom he was on intimate terms, chequered by the varying phases of the poet's humour, wrote to Murray:

I have a great respect for your good and gentlemanly qualities, and return your friendship towards me, and although I think you are a little spoiled by "villainous company" with persons of honour about town, authors, and fashionables, together with your "I am just going to call at Carlton House, are you walking my way?" I say, notwithstanding pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses, you deserve the esteem of those whose esteem is worth having.

(Born 1778. Died 1843.)

DOVER STREET.

27 — C 3 We make a single exception here to the rule of indicating the residences of *deceased* celebrities only, in favour of **No. 17**—Mackellar's Hotel—which many will be glad to note as the temporary residence in London of **Oliver Wendell Holmes**, during his visit in 1886.

GRAFTON STREET.

28 — C 3 At **No. 4, Lord Brougham** resided in 1830. In this year he was made Lord Chancellor and raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Brougham and Vaux.

At this period he had accomplished two of the great achievements of his life—the formation of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and the foundation of the London University. Among the law reforms which he now initiated, the delays against which, five years before, he had protested, were abbreviated or abolished. It is said that at the rising of the Court for the long vacation he was able to announce that he had not left a single appeal unheard.

In spite of a gaunt ungainly figure and an ungraceful habit of action, he was a remarkably successful speaker. His attainments were manifold, and he wrote and spoke as a teacher on almost any subject under the sun. His mind ranged over so wide an area that he never acquired a thorough knowledge of any particular division of learning. It has been said of him that if he had known a little law he would have known a little of everything. (*Stephen's Dictionary of National Biography*, Article "Brougham.")

(See BROUGHAM, pages 49, 62.) (Born 1778. Died 1868.)

NEW BOND STREET.

No. 147, on the west side, has a memorial tablet—let into the cornice of the centre window—to the effect that **Lord Nelson** lived there. It is not, however, the original structure, but has been essentially altered, if not rebuilt. In Southey's *Life of Nelson*, we read of the time after the expedition in which he lost his arm, that he suffered for three months almost constant pain, when Lady Nelson proved an assiduous nurse. 29 — C 3

One night he retired early to bed in hope of enjoying some respite by means of laudanum. He was at that time lodging in Bond Street, and the family were soon disturbed by a mob knocking loudly and violently at the door. The news of Duncan's victory had been made public, and the house was not illuminated; but when the mob were told that Admiral Nelson lay there in bed badly wounded, the foremost of them made answer, "You shall hear no more from us to-night."

This was in 1797–1798. Three years later his wife

separated from him at a house in Arlington Street. (Born 1758. Died 1805.)

CONDUIT STREET.

30 / C 3 **No. 37** is another instance of an exterior so altered by modern "improvements," that, could he revisit it, it would certainly not be recognized by the shade of the departed statesman, **George Canning**, who, as a memorial tablet informs us, "lived here." Washington Irving, who lived in London at different times during 1815–1832, refers to a "very agreeable dinner" which he had at Canning's house, "where I met Moore, Sydney Smith, and other interesting characters" (*Life and Letters*). Mr. Timbs, however (*Anecdotes*), recalls Sydney Smith's great dislike of Canning: "his school-boy jokes and doggrel rhymes . . . . his embroidered inanities and sixth-form effusions . . . . I am sick of Canning. There is not a ha'porth of bread to all this sugar and sack." Cyrus Redding (*Recollections*) says: "Canning had none of the stiffness, arrogance, or ordinary person of Pitt . . . . compact in person, moulded between activity and strength. His countenance indicated firmness of character, with a good-natured cast over all." In the *Greville Memoirs* it is said:

> He wrote very fast, but not fast enough for his mind. . . . . He could not bear to dictate, because nobody could write fast enough for him; but on one occasion, when he had the gout in his hand and could not write, he stood by the fire and dictated at the same time a despatch on Greek affairs to George Bentinck, and one on South American politics to Howard de Walden, each writing as fast as he could.

(Born 1770. Died 1827.)

CLIFFORD STREET.

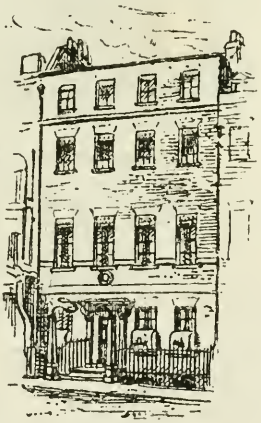
30 / C 3 At **No. 18**, the corner of Old Burlington Street, the late **John Bright** occupied apartments on the second floor

during the first three months of the Parliamentary Session of 1888. A night journey to Rochdale in May resulted in a cold, which brought on his last illness. For many years his town residence was at 132 Piccadilly, a house now removed. A writer in the *Daily Telegraph* says: "In London, next to the House of Commons, Mr. Bright spent most of his time at the Reform Club. . . . . He was more at his club than any eminent man of either party. . . . . He wrote letters, read newspapers, talked, and played billiards at the club; but his speeches were prepared at home." In the *Globe* it is recorded that, "until his last illness overtook him, he never had a valet or personal servant, and even down to a few months ago, he would walk unaccompanied night after night from his club to the lodgings he occupied at the bottom of George Street. (Born 1811. Died 1889.)

SAVILE ROW

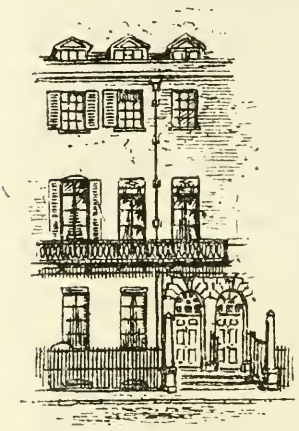
is rich in reminiscences. At **No. 20**, from 1827 to 1832, resided **Sydney Smith**. We may imagine him here as "just stepping into my carriage to be installed by the Bishop" (in the Prebendal Stall at St. Paul's). "It is, I believe, a very good thing, and it puts me at ease for life" (*Life*, by Lady Holland). Here it was that he appears to have replied to a dinner invitation from Messrs. Longmans, the publishers: "Dear Longman, I can't accept your invitation. My house is full of country cousins. I wish they were once removed." (See SYDNEY SMITH, pages 21, 44, 57, 97.) (Born 1771. Died 1845.)

31 C 3



14 Savile Row.
(See next page.)

31 — C 3 **No. 14**—marked by a memorial tablet—was the last home of **Richard Brinsley Sheridan**. Here he died, some five thousand pounds in debt, and had a narrow escape of being carried off in his blankets to a sponging-house when his last moments were near, the officers being deterred only from their intention by the threat of the physician in attendance, that the responsibility would rest with them if he died on the way. (See SHERIDAN, pages 13, 66.) (Born 1751. Died 1816.)



12 Savile Row.

Sir Benjamin Brodie was living here in 1835. (Born 1783. Died 1862.)

At **No. 12**, from 1848 till his death, lived the historian **George Grote**. The parlours were turned into offices in 1879, when a double entrance was made, and the overhanging lamp removed, though the posts with their link extinguishers still remain. Writing of Grote at a time (1862) when increasing years and failing health caused him to be more methodical in his studies than formerly, the Rev. P. Anton (*Masters in History*), writes:

> He rose at 8 A.M., and after a short walk and a light breakfast worked until dinner-time, with a brief interval for luncheon. During the morning he was invariably accompanied by "Dora," a little favourite pet dog. "Dora" took up her position on the historian's knee, and Mrs. Grote will vouch for it that the greater portion of the volumes of his *Plato* were written over the back of his little favourite.

In Motley's *Correspondence* we have a picture of Mrs. Grote as "very prim, decided, clever and accomplished,

strong-minded, tall and robust, very eccentric in her dress, and full of originality and humour. One of the best things she ever said was about Sydney Smith's daughter (who was married to Dr. Holland), in consequence of her husband being baroneted. Somebody, hearing Lady Holland spoken of, asked if Lord Holland's wife was referred to. 'No,' said Mrs. Grote, 'this is New Holland, and the capital is Sydney.'" Grote died from the effects of a chill contracted while sitting for his portrait in Mr. Millais's studio; "thinking it might be an injustice to the artist" if he had asked to be allowed to put on his overcoat. (Born 1794. Died 1871.)

THE ALBANY,

consisting of high-rented chambers devoted to the accommodation of the bachelor and the widower, is at the foot 32 C 3

The Albany.

of Savile Row. **F 3** is the designation of the chambers occupied, from 1841 to 1856, by **Thomas Babington Macaulay**. They are on the second floor of the first

building on the right of the entrance, and the full depth of the building, the library being twenty-four feet in length, with a window overlooking Savile Row. The famous *History* was written here. In his Diary, May 1, 1856, he writes: "After fifteen happy years passed in the Albany, I am going to leave it, thrice as rich a man as when I entered it, but far more famous; with health impaired, but with affections as warm and faculties as vigorous as ever" (*Life and Letters*). Writing of Macaulay, two years later, Motley says: "His general appearance is singularly commonplace. . . . . There is nothing luminous in the eye, nothing expressive in the brow. . . . . His whole manner has the smoothness and polished surface of the man of the world; the politician, and the new peer, spread over the man of letters within;" and, in another place, "It is always delightful to meet Macaulay, and to see the reverence with which he is regarded by everybody. . . . . I think, unless he is much changed, that Sydney Smith's description, or rather flings at him, are somewhat unjust. He is not in the least the 'colloquial oppressor' he has been represented." (Born 1800. Died 1859.) (See MACAULAY, pages 56, 138.)

CORK STREET.

32 C 3 At **No. 15, George Peabody,** who gave away £1,060,000 in his lifetime and left a million to his relatives, was living in 1861. (Born 1795. Died 1869.)

ROUTE III. *may be taken up at this point, if desired, by turning north along Bond Street and Conduit Street into George Street.*

ROUTE III.

Distance 3¾ *miles.*

REGENT CIRCUS is now our starting-point, and our course westward, across Hanover Square to

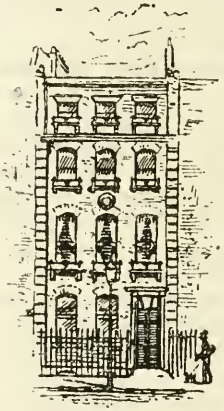
GEORGE STREET.

At **No. 24,** on the east side, **Nathaniel Hawthorne** lodged in 1855. "Leaving Liverpool on the first of September, Hawthorne took his family to London . . . . and hired lodgings at No. 24 George Street, Hanover Square, and now ensued a month of as great enjoyment as Hawthorne had hitherto known in England. No American better qualified than he to appreciate its sights, its historic and literary associations, its antiquities, and its immensity, had ever before lost himself in its streets. . . . . He cast himself adrift upon the great city, and cruised whithersoever the current took him, and when he could keep his feet no longer he would hail a hansom and trundle homeward in happy weariness to begin his explorations afresh the next morning" (*Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife*, by Julian Hawthorne). Mr. James T. Fields (*Yesterdays with Authors*) says he wrote to him from here, "and told me he delighted in London, and wished he could spend a year there;" also that he "kept out of the way of literary society as much as possible," and "introduced himself to nobody." On a subsequent visit, when he went into society, he lodged in Bloomsbury. Motley (*Correspondence*) says of Hawthorne: "He was the most bashful man, I believe, that ever existed, certainly the most bashful American, ... but he is certainly a very sincere, un- 33 C 3

sophisticated, kind-hearted person, and looks the man of genius he undoubtedly is." Mrs. Hawthorne, a devoted wife and singularly accomplished lady, died in London, 1871, and lies at Kensal Green, where, her daughter writes: "I planted some ivy that I had brought from America, and a periwinkle from papa's grave." (Born 1804. Died 1864.)

BROOK STREET.

34 C 3 **No. 25,** on the south side, marked with a memorial tablet, was for over thirty years the residence of **George Frederick Handel,** who settled here in 1725, having spent the interval, after his arrival in England, at the houses of his noble patrons, and here he died. Handel was a large eater, and there is a story current that when he dined alone at a tavern he would order dinner for three, and on receiving for answer to his question, "Is te tinner retty?" "As soon as the company come." "Then," says he, "pring up te tinner prestissimo: I am de company." (Born 1684. Died 1759.)



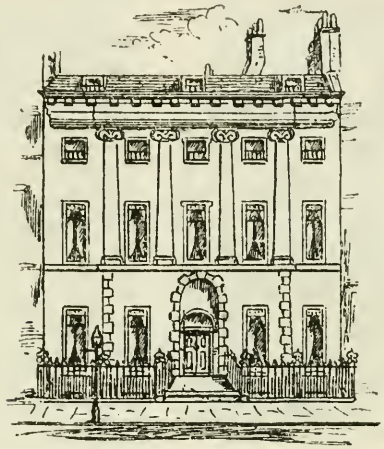
25 Brook Street.

GROSVENOR SQUARE.

35 C 2 **No. 12,** on the north side, is one of several London houses, and the last, occupied by **Lord Lytton.** He lived here from 1868. *The Coming Race,* published anonymously, was produced in the interval between that date and his death, which took place at Torquay, and he was buried from Grosvenor Square. (See page 65.) (Born 1803. Died 1873.)

No. 44 (until very lately 39—the west and south

sides of the square having been renumbered in 1888) is interesting as that in which the Ministers of the Crown were to be murdered by Thurtell and his gang, Feb. 23, 1820, while dining with Lord Harrowby, President of the Council. They were warned, and the 36 C 2



12 Grosvenor Square.

conspirators seized in a loft in Cato Street (now Homer Street), Marylebone Road. Hence the designation of the "Cato Street Conspiracy." The house is now owned by the present Lord Harrowby.

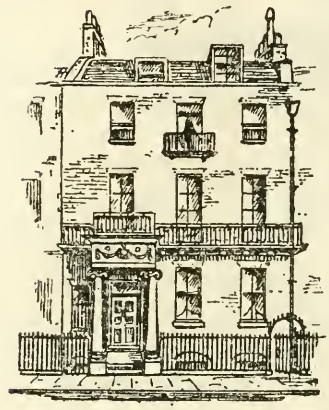
At **No. 35** (until very recently No. 30), at the corner of South Audley Street, lived the demagogue, **John Wilkes,** for seven years before his death; at a time when he had long outlived his popularity. "In private life," we read in Wraxall's *Memoirs,* "he was pre-eminently agreeable, abounding in anecdote, ... converting his very defects of person, manner, and enunciation to purposes of merriment and entertainment. If ever any man was pleasing who squinted, had lost his 36 C 2

teeth, and lisped, it was John Wilkes." (Born 1727. Died 1797.)

We pass up North Audley Street into

GREEN STREET.

37 C 2 **No. 59** (formerly 56) was the last London home of **Sydney Smith.** He removed hither from Charles Street (see page 57) in 1839, and was brought here from Combe Florey in his last illness, to be under the immediate care of Dr. Holland, and here he died. "He often," writes Lady Holland (*Memoirs of Sydney Smith*), "lay silent and lost in thought, then spoke a few words of kindness to those around. He seemed to meet death with that calmness which the memory of a well-spent life and trust in the mercy of God alone can give." (See also pages 21, 37, 97.) (Born 1771. Died 1845.)



59 Green Street.

PARK LANE.

38 C 2 **No. 29** (formerly No. 1, Grosvenor Gate) was the residence for many years, from 1839, of **Benjamin Disraeli**, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield. It came into his possession on his marriage with Mrs. Lewis, in the year above named, and he lived here until her death in 1872, when he removed to Whitehall Gardens. N. P. Willis relates (*Pencillings by the Way*) how he met

Disraeli at Lady Blessington's (see BLESSINGTON, page 64) in 1832, and his description, if somewhat ill natured, is sufficiently graphic:

Disraeli had one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking lying-in-wait expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a perfectly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn, that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. A thick mass of jet-black ringlets falls over the left cheek, almost to the collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted, and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's. Patent leather pumps, a white stick, with black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him a conspicuous object.

29 Park Lane.

Motley, in his *Correspondence*, gives the following description of Disraeli as imparted to him by Lady Dufferin:

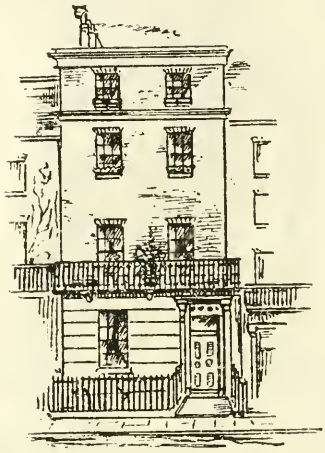
He wore a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves, with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down upon his shoulders. . . . . She told him that he made a fool of himself by appearing in such a fantastic shape, and he afterwards modified his costume, but was never to be put down.

Sybil and *Coningsby* were written here. (Born 1804. Died 1881.) (See pages 24, 60, 95.)

Turning out of Park Lane southward is

ALDFORD STREET (CHAPEL STREET).

39 — C 2 The first of the above names is unfamiliar, being still very new, and owing its existence to the powers that be —or were—in such matters and the noble owner of the property hereabout having combined to reduce the number of streets in London called by the old name to the confusion of the stranger in our midst. At present, however, the old name remains in addition to the new.



23 Aldford (Chapel) Street.

At **No. 23** resided, for a short time in 1813, **Percy Bysshe Shelley.** According to Dr. Dowden (*Life of Shelley*), he arrived here "with Harriet by his side," on his return from his second visit to Ireland, and remained a few days only before removing to Cooke's Hotel, in Albemarle Street. As the residence of his father-in-law, John Westbrook, the retired tavern-keeper, however, the house had been familiar to him since January 1811, when he went up to London from Field Place, and "was the bearer of a letter of introduction and a present from his sister Mary to her friend Harriet." One evening, in the August of the same year, we read in Dr. Dowden's *Life of Shelley*,

> he wended his way to a small coffee-house in Mount Street, not far distant from Mr. Westbrook's house in Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square; there he despatched a letter to Harriet, naming the house at which he would be ready with a hackney-coach at the coffee-house door to receive her. One short night, and it

was the dawn of a memorable August day. Mr. Grove's servant called a coach, into which entered the cousins Bysshe and Charles; at the Mount Street coffee-house, some time before the hour appointed for Harriet's arrival, the coach drew up. A breakfast was ordered and was ended, and Harriet did not yet appear. While the bridegroom designate waited at the door he beguiled the time by flinging the shells of the oysters on which they had breakfasted across the street, with the words, "Grove, this is a *Shelley* business!" Presently Harriet was seen tripping round the corner from Chapel Street, and the coach-wheels rattled towards the City inn from which the northern mails departed.

Within three years after the marriage of the runaway couple at Edinburgh (the united ages of bride and bridegroom being thirty-five), Shelley had eloped with Mary Godwin, and at the close of 1816 was free to make her his wife by the suicide of the unfortunate Harriet. His friend, T. J. Hogg, thus describes the appearance of Shelley:

It was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much that he seemed of low stature. . . . . His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were, in fact, unusually small, yet the last appeared of remarkable bulk, for the hair was long and bushy.

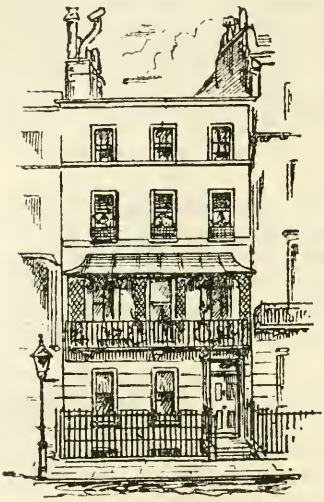
(See SHELLEY, page 76.) (Born 1792. Died 1822.)

SOUTH STREET.

At **No. 9**, formerly 26, from 1792 to 1796, lived **Charles James Fox.** He probably removed here from a small house in St. James's Place where "he had a back parlour, which he facetiously denominated 'the Jerusalem Chamber,' because it was the theatre of his negotiations with the children of Israel relative to the occasional raising of the supplies" (*Memorials, &c.*). He was always in want of money, and was in debt even to the waiters at his clubs for small sums, and had the credit, or discredit, of infecting with his dissipated tastes the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, with

39 / C 2

whom he became very intimate—consequences, on one occasion, that the Prince and three rollicking companions got locked up in the watch-house in Mount Street for a midnight frolic, and had to be bailed out by a friendly tailor.



9 South Street.

Here, in South Street, Fox married. "Amid the indulgences of a wandering fancy and violent passions he formed a lasting attachment. Mrs. Ormistead, who lived with him as his mistress, became his wife in the year 1795. Fortunately, she was endowed with strong affection, good sense, and unbounded devotion to Mr. Fox" (*Memorials, &c.*). Apart from his vices, few men have been so well spoken of as Fox. "A life of gambling, intrigue, and faction left his nature as little tainted with selfishness or falsehood, and his heart as little hardened, as if he had lived and died in a farmhouse, or rather, as if he had not outlived his childish years" (Mrs. Thomson, *Literary Characters*). "Talleyrand delighted to dwell on the simplicity, gaiety, childishness, and profoundness of Fox" (*Greville Memoirs*). Among the stories of his playful humour are those of his wager with the Prince of Wales, when walking down Bond Street, that he would see more cats than the Prince, and winning it by taking the *sunny* side of the street, which puss, he knew, would most affect. (See **Fox**, pages 33, 142.) (Born 1749. Died 1806.)

HILL STREET.

At **No. 5, Henry Peter Brougham** resided in 1825. 40
(See BROUGHAM, pages 34, 62.) C3

BERKELEY SQUARE.

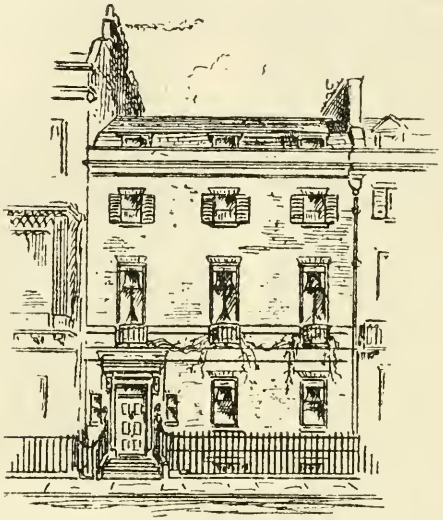
No. 45 was, on Nov. 22, 1774, the scene of a tragedy, being the closing incident in the life of **Lord Clive**; who "could boast that between the ages of twenty-four and forty-four, he had saved a province, conquered a kingdom, and substituted in the management of its affairs order for anarchy, and justice for violence." A sense of injury, resulting from the accusation, though unsubstantiated, that "in the acquisition of his wealth he had abused the powers with which he was entrusted," combined with broken health to render him a prey to depression, and he committed suicide with a penknife, or, according to other accounts, with a razor. The present occupant is the Earl of Powis, a descendant of Clive. (Born 1725. Died 1774.) 41 C3

45 Berkeley Square.

At the corner of Davies and Bourdon Streets, on the north-east of the square, stands Bourdon Manor House, a relic of past times, preserved in memory of Miss Mary Davies, by her marriage with whom in 1676 Sir Thomas Grosvenor acquired the property in Pimlico attached to *Bourdon* farm, which has proved the source of the present enormous wealth of the family.

At **No. 20**, at the north corner of Bruton Street, lived **Colley Cibber** shortly before his death. (Born 1671. Died 1757.)

41 **No. 11**, on the east side, was the town residence,
C3 1779–1797, of **Horace Walpole**. He writes, October 1779, "I came to town this morning to take possession of Berkeley Square, and am as well pleased with my



11 Berkeley Square.

new habitation as I can be with anything at present. Lady Shelburne's being queen of the palace [Lansdowne House] over against me has improved the view since I bought the house" (*Letters*). Mr. Hutton (*Literary Landmarks*) assigns No. 42, at the corner of Hill Street, to Walpole. This was the *old* No. 11; but the present numbering appears *with the old* on Horwood's Plan of London for 1799, No. 11 being identical with the *old*

No. 40, where, as Lord Orford (his title for two years before his death), Walpole appears in Boyle's Court Guide for 1796. Moreover, it can be said only of No. 11 that it is "over against" Lansdowne House. "Horace Walpole," says Peter Cunningham, "lived at No. 11, on the east side of the square." He came here from Arlington Street (see page 32), and the same year was summoned in haste from Strawberry Hill. "My footman John having pawned a silver strainer and spoons, which not being found out till noon as it had been done here, he ran away in the night, and I have been forced to come and see if he had done no worse" (Miss Berry's *Correspondence*). Worse poor John *had* done, for *himself;* for he went, as it turned out, straight to Strawberry Hill from Berkeley Square and hanged himself to a tree in the grounds. Walpole left his fortune to wealthy people, who did not need it; and no instance of generosity or benevolence is recorded of him. "In his habits he was somewhat effeminate and luxurious. When his friends used to smile at the care he took of his person, he would say, 'My back is the same as my face, and my neck is like my nose.' He avoided stimulants, coffee and iced water being his favourite beverages." (See *The Georgian Era*, article *Walpole.*) He died a victim to gout, which had afflicted him at intervals through life. (Born 1717. Died 1797.)

BERKELEY STREET.

At **No. 9** resided, about 1715, **Alexander Pope.** 42
This was shortly before his retirement to Twickenham. C 3
Mr. Jesse (*London*) is the authority for assigning this house to Pope. He says, "We are assured that in the lease of this house the name of Mr. Alexander Pope occurs as a former tenant. From the poet it passed into the hands of General Bulkeley, and a later occupant of the house well remembered that whenever that gentleman visited it after it had ceased to be his own it was his

invariable habit to observe, with an air of respectful interest, 'This is the house Mr. Alexander Pope lived in!'" Johnson, in the *Life of Pope*, says:

9 Berkeley Street.

> The person of Pope is well known not to have been formed on the nicest model. . . . . His stature was so low that to bring him to a level with a common table it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid. By natural deformity or accidental distortion his vital functions were so much disordered that his life was "a long disease." His most frequent assailant was the headache, which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

After middle life he was so weak that "when he rose he was invested in bodices made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced. . . . . He was too indulgent in his appetite; he loved meat highly seasoned and of strong taste . . . . and would oppress his stomach to repletion." In familiar conversation he does not appear to have excelled. He was "fretful and easily displeased," parsimonious in his hospitality, adulatory to the great. Although Pope affected a contempt for his own poetry, and pretended that he only wrote when he had nothing else to do, we learn that "it was punctually required that his writing-box should be set upon his bed before he rose, and Lord Orford's domestic related that in the dreadful winter of '40 she was called from her bed four times in one night to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought." It is conjectured that Pope's "Farewell to London" was written here. (Born 1688. Died 1744.)

PICCADILLY.

No. 80 is memorable for an incident in the life of **Sir Francis Burdett,** which took place in 1810. Having entered Parliament in 1796, he distinguished himself by his advanced views and vigorous opposition to the Government, and rendered himself subject to arrest by the Speaker of the House of Commons by commenting, in a letter to his constituents, on the right of Parliament to commit for libel. He barricaded himself in the house the day the warrant was to be served. and a riot ensued in which a man was killed. "The officers, armed with a warrant, scaled the house with a ladder, and entered the window of the drawing-room, where Sir Francis was found instructing his son in Magna Charta" (Peter Cunningham's *Handbook*). He was imprisoned until the prorogation. (Born 1770. Died 1844.) 43 D 3

94 Piccadilly.

No. 94, formerly Cambridge House, now a club-house, conspicuous as standing back, with a handsome stone 44 D 3

frontage, was the residence of **Lord Palmerston** from 1850 till the date of his death, while Premier, in 1865. Here were held those parties and receptions when the tact and talent of the hostess were said to be largely instrumental in promoting political adherence and cohesion. "Lord Palmerston," writes Sir H. Bulwer (*Life*), "in later years gained much by a conspicuous mansion, and frequent dinners and assemblies." Referring to Lord Palmerston's manner in "the House," he remarks on "the hesitation and superabundance of gesture with the hands which were perceptible to the last whenever Lord Palmerston spoke unprepared and was seeking for words; for though he always used the right word it often caused him pain to find it." (See PALMERSTON, page 63.) (Born 1784. Died 1865.)

11 Bolton Street.

We retrace our steps along Piccadilly to

BOLTON STREET.

No. 11 bears a memorial tablet indicating the residence of **Madame D'Arblay,** the Fanny Burney of St. Martin's Street (see page 4). She lived here in 1818, after a prolonged absence from London in the country and abroad. Although she refers in her letters to the prospect of ending her days in Bolton Street, she occupied several other houses in London, during a period of twenty-two years. Scott visited her here, and describes her as "an elderly lady with no remains of personal beauty, but with a simple and gentle manner, and pleasing expression of countenance" (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*). (Born 1752. Died 1840.)

CLARGES STREET.

At **No. 12** lived the great actor, **Edmund Kean,** for some years from a date shortly after his first appearance in London (see KEAN, page 9), in 1814. In twelve seasons Kean earned £20,000; yet, in 1827, he was almost penniless. He visited at grand houses, but was at his ease only among low companions. Lady Holland says, "he ate most pertinaciously with his knife, and was a little too free with his lordships and ladyships." This was, no doubt, from over-politeness, not subservience. "I hate a lord," Kean wrote to Elliston; and at a dinner given by Lord Hertford in his honour, when the servants were removing the cloth, he called aside Oxberry, the actor, invited out of compliment to himself, and muttered, "Not one of these lords would have noticed the poor stroller; now their admiration is unbounded. Pshaw! I prefer a quiet glass with a friend like you to all their champagne — effervescent like themselves; let us go." Mr. Molloy, from whose recent *Life of Kean* the above incident is taken, tells of Kean's eccentric habits at this period; how he would "mount a horse on leaving the theatre and ride recklessly through the night"; of a tame lion which visitors were horrified to find him "educating" in his drawing-room, and which might be seen in the stern of the wherry in which he rowed upon the Thames. "His carriage was drawn by four bays, and in it he lay, wrapped in a great Spanish cloak." The house on the right in the sketch was Kean's. (Born 1777. Died 1833.)

46 D3

11 & 12 Clarges Street.

At **No. 11**, in 1805, lodged the infamous and beautiful **Lady Hamilton** (see ROMNEY, page 97). She wrote from here, "from her bed," what she calls "some bad verses to her soul's idol" (Nelson), of which the last may serve as a sample:

> Then do not rob me of my heart,
> Unless you first forsake it;
> And then so wretched it would be,
> Despair alone will take it.

Wilkie, in his journal, describes her as "lusty and tall, and of fascinating manners, but her features are bold and masculine." The house on the left in the sketch was Lady Hamilton's. (Born 1763 (?). Died 1815.)

46 D3 At **No 3**, in this street, in the year 1838, lodged **Thomas Babington Macaulay** on his return from India. Grant's *Recollections* refer to this period. "In stature he is about the middle height, and well formed. His eyes are of a deep blue and have a very intelligent expression. His complexion is dark, and his hair of a beautiful jet black. . . . . His features are small and regular." The writer of the *Greville Memoirs*, referring to six years earlier, finds that Macaulay's "face, voice, and manner are all bad. . . . . He wants variety, elasticity, gracefulness; his is a roaring torrent, not a meandering stream of talk"; and, in another place, comments on "the vulgarity and ungainliness of his appearance; not a ray of intellect beams from his countenance." Ten years later, Carlyle, in his journal, calls him "a squat, thickset, low-browed, short, grizzled, little man of fifty." A single phrase of Sydney Smith's has made his comment on Macaulay memorable. "He is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies might perhaps have said before (though I never did so) that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional *flashes of silence* that makes his conversation perfectly delightful." Then he goes on, "But what is far better and more important than all this, I believe Macaulay to be incorrup-

tible. . . . . He has an honest, genuine love of his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests." Macaulay had a taste, which he shared with Johnson and Dickens, for rambling about the deserted streets at the dead of night. Another peculiarity was his fondness for street ballads, and there is an oft-told story of how he bought a handful one day in Seven Dials, and was followed on his way home by a number of boys, who, in reply to his inquiry as to "what they wanted?" responded, "Why, we are waiting to hear you sing, to be sure." (See MACAULAY, pages 39, 138.) (Born 1800. Died 1859.)

At **No. 14**, from 1808 to 1814, lived the Grecian historian, **William Mitford**. (Born 1744. Died 1827.) 46 D3

We now pass by Curzon Street and Queen Street, into

CHARLES STREET.

At **No. 33**, next to the corner of Queen Street, lived **Sydney Smith** from 1836 to 1839, when he removed to Green Street (see page 44). He writes, November 1835, "I have bought a house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square (lease for fourteen years), for £1400, and £10 per annum ground rent. It is near the chapel where I used to preach." In a later letter he speaks of the house as "The HOLE." "Sydney Smith," writes Mr. S. C. Hall (*Memories*), "was of a portly figure, stout, indeed clumsy, with a healthy look, and a self-enjoying aspect. He was rapid in movement as well as in words, and evidently studied more ease than dignity." In 47 D3

33 Charles Street.

Timbs' *Anecdotes* we read that he "wrote so bad a hand that a passage being cut out of a letter by Mrs. Smith, and enclosed to him to be deciphered, he returned it, saying he 'must decline ever reading his own writing twenty-four hours after he had written it'; and he once apologized for not allowing one of his sermons to be seen, by saying 'he would send it with pleasure, but his writing was as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink-bottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs.'" (See also pages 21, 37, 97.) (Born 1771. Died 1845.)

CHESTERFIELD STREET.

47 / D3 At **No. 4** lived **George Brummell,** known to history as Beau Brummell. Here, writes Jesse (*London*):

> With the aid of an excellent cook and admirable wines, he attracted to his little dining-parlour all the wit, talent, and profligacy of the days of the Regency. Here George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, is said to have frequently visited him for the purpose of studying the progress of his toilet, sometimes sending his horses away, and remaining to so late an hour that he was compelled to insist on Brummell giving him a quiet dinner, which not uncommonly ended in a midnight debauch.

(Born 1778. Died 1840.)

CURZON STREET

47 / D3 has a threefold interest. An attic at **No. 24** was the home, 1805–1810, of **Francis Chantrey.** In 1805 he entered the Royal Academy School, and in 1810 he won the competition for an equestrian statue of George III. From Mr. George Jones's *Recollections* we learn that he first gave indications of his genius while following the servile occupation of driving an ass, laden with sand for sale at Sheffield for his father, a small farmer, by carving with a penknife a head out of a stick which he carried on his daily journeys, and by modelling figures of animals in dough. In 1811 Chantrey was enabled to

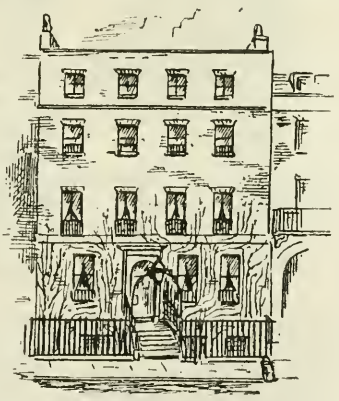
free himself from the pecuniary embarrassments attending his early career by marriage with his cousin, who brought him £10,000. He is described as "peculiarly frank and unceremonious, with a jocular spirit and freedom of expression, which was not agreeable to all. His rough manner was really an unconscious disguise to the most refined and almost Utopian notions with respect to character and conduct." Of the "jocular spirit" the following illustration is given:

> On one of the varnishing days, the weather being cold, Chantrey went up to a picture by Turner, in which orange chrome was unusually conspicuous, and, affecting to warm his hands before it, said, "Turner, this is the only comfortable place in the room. Is it true, as I have heard, that you have a commission to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office?"

(See CHANTREY, page 153.) (Born 1781. Died 1842.)

No. 8 was for many years the rendezvous of all that was brilliant in society, gathered around the sisters **Mary** and **Agnes Berry**, who lived here as late as 1852. The female element, we find, was not allowed to preponderate at their receptions; Murrell, the servant, being instructed to put out the lamp over the door when Miss Berry called "No more petticoats," to prevent more carriage-loads of ladies coming in, but *habitués* of the male sex had no difficulty in procuring an entrance. The curious as to their appearance may find portraits of them, with their dog Tonton, prefixed to Lady Lewis's extracts from Miss Berry's *Journals* and *Corre-*

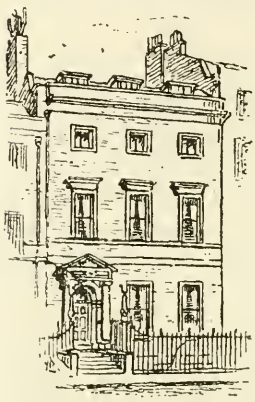
47
D 3



8 Curzon Street.

spondence. Chorley (*Autobiography*) describes the Miss Berrys as "more like ancient Frenchwomen than anything I had ever seen; rouged, with the remains of some beauty, managing large fans, like the Flirtillas, &c., of Ranelagh."

At **No. 19** Curzon Street, after a tenancy of three months, **Lord Beaconsfield** died April 19, 1881, a day since commemorated as a solemn anniversary, and distinguished by the name of his favourite flower. Posterity, it may be, will continue to observe "Primrose Day" long after its real meaning is forgotten. It was half-past six in the morning that the final bulletin of the dying statesman's condition was placed on the railings to inform the crowd who, even at that early hour, waited for intelligence. He had "passed calmly away as if in sleep." He occupied himself, during part of his illness, with the correction of his last speech in the House of Commons for Hansard. "I will not go down to posterity," he said, "as talking bad grammar." (See DISRAELI, pages 24, 44, 96.) (Born 1804. Died 1881.)



19 Curzon Street.

SOUTH AUDLEY STREET.

48 Behind substantial gates, and with a courtyard, stands
D3 Chesterfield House, built in 1747 on the then extreme verge of the town, when **Lord Chesterfield,** according to a note of the present writer from some forgotten source, had been observed "seated outside of the courtyard of his house in Mayfair on a rustic seat," with green fields before it. A room in Chesterfield House is

represented in the well-known picture of Dr. Johnson, waiting in disgust and irritation for an interview with his noble patron; but the date of that event, 1749, was previous to that on which Lord Chesterfield entered on its occupation. The curious library still remains in which the famous "Letters" were written, of which Johnson said, "Take out their immorality, and they should be put into the hands of every gentleman." (Born 1694. Died 1773.)

Chesterfield House.

No. 72 was, in 1820, the residence of ALDERMAN SIR MATTHEW WOOD, who for some time prior to her trial had for his guest **Queen Caroline.** Lord Eldon, who was "retained for the other side," as the phrase runs, writes to a friend, June 7, 1820:

> The Queen entered London yesterday in an open carriage with the Alderman and Lady Anne Hamilton, and amidst a vast concourse of people in carriages and on horseback. . . . . She drove to Alderman Wood's house in South Audley Street, where she exhibited herself and the Alderman from a

72 South Audley Street.

balcony to all who chose to take a peep at them ; the multitude in the street requiring all who passed by to make their reverence and obeisance to her Majesty. (Horace Twiss's *Life of Lord Eldon.*)

The Queen subsequently removed to Hamilton Place. (See page 68.) (Born 1768. Died 1821.)

GREAT STANHOPE STREET.

48 Three eminent statesmen are associated with this
D3 street. At **No. 4,** in 1834, lived **Lord Brougham.** Haydon, the artist, calling on him one day encountered him at the door on the point of stepping into his carriage :

4 Great Stanhope Street.

His hand was full of papers, and his whole appearance was restless, harassed, eager, spare, keen, sarcastic, and nervous. . . . . Brougham never shakes hands, but he held out his two fingers. "Mr. Haydon, how d'ye do? I have no appointment with you. Call on Wednesday at half-past five. I can't spare you two minutes now." I never saw such a set out. The horses were not groomed. The coachman was not clean. . . . . The whole appearance told of hurry-skurry, harass, fag, late hours, long speeches, and vast occupation. (*Autobiography.*)

In the *Greville Memoirs* we read :

Brougham is one of the most remarkable men I ever met, to say nothing of what he is in the world, his almost childish gaiety and animal spirits, his humour mixed with sarcasm but not ill-natured, his wonderful information. . . . . I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. As Rogers said the morning of his departure, "This morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes,

Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more, went away in a post-chaise."

Sydney Smith, on observing Lord Brougham's one-horse carriage, having a "B" surmounted by a coronet on the panel, remarked, "There goes a carriage with a 'B' outside and a *wasp* within" (Timbs' *Anecdotes*). (See BROUGHAM, pages 34, 49.) (Born 1778. Died 1868.)

No. 12 was the residence for some years of **Sir Robert Peel.** He was married here, in the drawing-room, to Miss Floyd. "He is very agreeable in society, it is a toss up whether he talks or not; but if he thaws and is in a good humour and spirits, he is lively and entertaining, and abounding in anecdotes which he tells extremely well" (*Greville Memoirs*). In the matter of *character*, the same writer's opinion is less favourable. From Cyrus Redding's *Recollections* we learn that one of Peel's peculiarities was that "he seemed somehow or other not to know what to do with his hands." Peel's father, a merchant, left him nearly half a million, having allowed him £12,000 a year during his own life. (See PEEL, page 23.) (Born 1788. Died 1850.) 48 — D3

At **No. 9,** from 1820 to 1840, lived **Lord Palmerston.** During the first part of this period, while winning credit by his able administration during the later years of the Napoleonic wars, he posed chiefly as a country gentleman and a man of fashion. In 1830 he was appointed to the Foreign Office under Lord Grey's administration. Sir H. Bulwer (*Life of Palmerston*) says of him: "He was not a prig or a coxcomb, but naturally grave and naturally gay; hearty in any pursuit, whether of business in the senate, or pleasure in the ball-room, taking pains to please without seeming to expect admiration." A significant passage occurs in a letter he wrote from here in 1825. "As to the lead of the House of Commons, there are very few things indeed in the world which I should so much dislike, even if I was fitted for

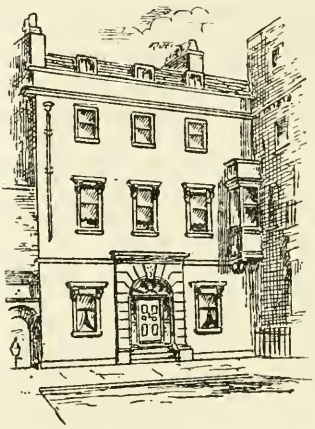
it. But in various ways I should be quite unfitted for it." (See PALMERSTON, page 53.) (Born 1784. Died 1865.)

Returning to South Audley Street and Curzon Street, we pass into

SEAMORE PLACE.

49 Few people of note, English or foreign, were unfamiliar, during the years 1832–1836, with the drawing-room at **No. 8**, when the hostess was **Lady Blessington.** Giving up the more costly establishment left to her in St. James's Square by Lord Blessington, she settled here on her return from the Continent. "The Count and Countess D'Orsay," writes her biographer, Mr. Madden, "were then residing with her. The saloons of Lady Blessington were opened nightly to men of genius and learning, to celebrities of all climates, and travellers of every European country." N. P. Willis (*Pencillings by the Way*) describes his calling here with a letter of introduction. "It was late in the afternoon, but I had not yet learned the full meaning of town life. 'Her ladyship had not come down to breakfast.' I gave the letter and my address to the powdered footman, and had scarce reached home when a note arrived inviting me to call the same evening at ten." According to Jerdan (*Autobiography*), for nearly twenty years Lady Blessington received from £2000 to £3000 a year from her writings, and her jointure was £2000 a year. But

D3



8 Seamore Place.

extravagant living, and also, it must be said, the support of *seven or eight* of her own family, led to subsequent embarrassment, which culminated at Gore House in 1848 in complete collapse, and the flight of Count D'Orsay to Paris, to escape arrest, with his valet and a single portmanteau. Lady Blessington followed him. She died of apoplexy a year afterwards. The house in Seamore Place was broken into in 1833, and plate and jewellery stolen to the value of £1000. Mr. Madden quotes a description of the "long library" as

> lined alternately with splendidly bound books and mirrors, and with deep windows of the breadth of the room, opening upon Hyde Park . . . . sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts arranged in a rather crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamelled tables, covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner.

(Born 1789. Died 1849.)

The narrow flight of steps at the end of Seamore Place leads to

PARK LANE.

The prettiest house in "the Lane" is that of Lord Brassey, the home of the late **Lady Brassey,** whose books of travel have achieved extended and deserved popularity. 49 D3

HERTFORD STREET.

No. 35a, formerly No. 36, was the residence for some years, from about the time he entered Parliament in 1835, of **Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton,** afterwards Lord Lytton. This was the period of the production of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, *Ernest Maltravers*, *Alice*, and the Plays. Mr. Chorley (*Autobiography*) supplies us with a note on our subject in 1836: 50 D

> We walked home together (from Lady Blessington's), and in his cloak and in the dusk he unfolded more of himself to me than I had yet seen, though I may say that I had guessed pretty much of what I did see—an egotism, a vanity, all thrown

up to the surface. Yes; he is a thoroughly *satin* character, but then it is of the *richest* satin. It is a fine energetic, imaginative, romantic mind, if I mistake not, that has been blighted and opened too soon. . . . . He makes personal appearance his idol, and values Voltaire as much on being a tall man as on his satires, essays, &c.

(See LYTTON, page 42.) (Born 1803. Died 1873.)

50 — D3 At **No. 10,** from 1793 to about 1801, lived **Richard Brinsley Sheridan.** This was after his residence in Great Queen Street (see page 13), and two, if not more, changes of residence had occurred in the meantime. One was in Bruton Street, where the bailiffs were so constant in their attentions that it was usual to pass provisions to the kitchen by lowering them over the area railings. On the occasion of a grand dinner Mrs. Sheridan's portrait was redeemed for one night from the pawnbrokers. It is reported that when, by the assistance of friends, he was at a later date installed at Savile Row (see page 38), he boasted to one of his relatives how carefully and regularly he was living—so much so that everything went on like clockwork. "Oh, that I can easily imagine," was the reply. "It goes on tick! tick! tick!" "Sheridan," says Rogers (*Table-Talk*), "had very fine eyes, and was not a little vain of them. He said to me on his death-bed, 'Tell Lady Bessborough that my eyes will look up at the coffin-lid as brightly as ever!'" (Born 1751. Died 1816.)

PICCADILLY.

51 — D3 As we stand in front of **No. 139,** at the time of writing in the hands of the builders, from which it will no doubt emerge with such "structural alterations" as will transform it considerably, let us call up a scene in January 1816, in the life of **Lord Byron.** Lady Byron is leaving town; little more than a month after the birth of Augusta Ada, "sole daughter of my house and heart," the lady going on a visit to her father's house in

Leicestershire. A final separation! "They parted," says Moore (*Life of Byron*), "in the utmost kindness; she wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection on the road, and, immediately on her arrival, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more!" The following month a formal deed of separation was signed, the true cause of which will never be known, and Byron, shortly after, started for the Continent. Washington Irving (*Life and Letters*) states on the authority of Mr. Murray, Byron's publisher and intimate friend, that "Byron told all his friends, and Mr. Rogers among the number, that he alone was to blame." Irving also says, "Lord Byron told Murray that he was much happier after breaking with Lady Byron—he hated this still quiet life." *Parisina* and the *Siege of Corinth* were written here. (See Byron, pages 26, 30.) (Born 1788. Died 1824.)

In the early part of the century this and the adjoining mansion on the right were one, and the residence of the notorious millionaire and voluptuary, the Duke of Queensberry (familiarly called "Old Q") who, being very old and unable to walk, was let down from the balcony above by a special apparatus in a Bath-chair to the street.

He was the last grandee in England who employed running footmen, who were accustomed to compete for the office by running up and down Piccadilly in his liveries. One day one of them was called to by the Duke from the balcony, "You will do very well for me." "And your Grace's livery will do very well for me," replied the footman, and gave final evidence of his powers by running off with it. (Thornbury's *Haunted London*.)

At **No. 1** Hamilton Place, at the corner of Piccadilly, 52
we may gaze with interest at the windows of the drawing- ——
room facing the Green Park; for through them saw the D 3
light of heaven for the last time the great Chancellor, "for twenty years in all but name Prime Minister of England," John Scott, **Lord Eldon**. He built the house, and spent the last years of his life here, dying in the room above indicated, which for greater convenience

of access had for some years been transformed into a bedroom. Here his servant would hear him "praying aloud" in bed. We have a picture of him, a few weeks before his death, in Horace Twiss's *Biography:* "turned

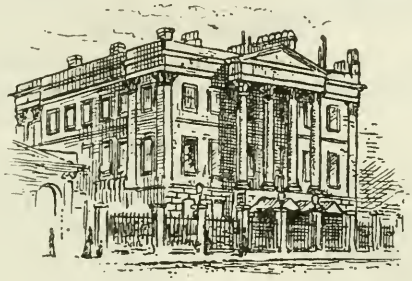
1 Hamilton Place.

in his chair by his butler after dinner, with his right hand to the table, and feeding his dog Pincher" with the special sort of mixed biscuit which that fastidious animal alone affected. Pincher—of whom Lord Eldon used to say he was entitled to a portrait (he was included in one of the Chancellor), for his lordship's stationer had once remarked, "How very like he is to Lord Eldon, particularly when he wore a wig; and, indeed, many people say he is the better-looking of the two"—Pincher, having been taken away when Lord Eldon was dying, was missed from his new home, and found lying on the bed beside his dead master. (Born 1751. Died 1838.) The house is now occupied by the present Lord Eldon. (See Eldon, page 95.)

52 — D3 Next door to Lord Eldon, in Hamilton Place, **Queen Caroline** resided during part of her trial, in 1827, in which Lord Eldon espoused the side of King George the Fourth. The Government having granted her a residence in town, it is said her friends selected this house expressly

to annoy Lord Eldon; in which they certainly succeeded, as the clamour of the shouting crowd who attended her home, and the speech-making of her friend, Alderman Wood, from the balcony, compelled his lordship to request the Government to arrange for her removal; and, ultimately, to *buy the house*, to prevent the Queen's friends from doing so on her behalf. (See QUEEN CAROLINE, page 61.) (Born 1768. Died 1821.)

Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner, scarcely needs indicating as the residence of the great **Duke of Wellington.** Here his bedroom, with its camp-bed and simple furniture, was visited by thousands in 53 D2



Apsley House.

1852, when from the gates issued forth the grandest funeral cortége that England has seen. Iron blinds were placed outside the windows after the mob had smashed them at the period of the Reform Bill. The unpopularity of the Great Duke, however, was but temporary. It is narrated that a short time afterwards, when he was riding up Constitution Hill, followed by an immense crowd, who were cheering loudly, he heard it all with the utmost indifference, never seeming to regard them until he reached Apsley House, when he stopped at the gate, turned round to the rabble, and pointing to the iron blinds, made them a sarcastic bow, and entered the court without saying a word. Of the Duke's habits we

are told that up to the last his daily toilet was performed without assistance; and that his breakfast, at nine o'clock, of tea and bread-and-butter sustained him until dinner —from the joint, with tart or pudding—at seven, with which he seldom drank anything but iced water. He died at Walmer Castle, near Deal. (Born 1769. Died 1852.)

Continuing westward, and passing the Albert Gate entrance to the Park, with a note of the large mansion on its right as the residence of Hudson, the "Railway King," we come to a row of houses opposite Sloane Street, known as

ALBERT GATE.

54 D2 **No. 19** was, for several years and until 1880, the residence of the novelist **Charles Reade**, of whom a writer in *Celebrities of the Century* says:

19 Albert Gate.

> Throughout the thirty odd years of his literary life he was perpetually at war, either with his critics, his publisher, or some theatrical manager who had used his work without permission. . . . . Warfare was, if not his pleasure, his element, perhaps the only element in which he could breathe freely and enjoy life.

Mr. John Coleman (*Plays and Playwrights*) describes him as

> stately and imposing, ... over six feet high, with a massive head and herculean limbs, and a bearded leonine face. He had large bronze eyes which could at times become exceedingly fierce;

a fine head quite bald on the top . . . . a head strangely disproportioned to the bulk of the body; in fact, I never could understand how so large a brain could be confined in so small a skull.

He died from complicated disorders of the lungs and liver, his death being expedited by returning in the depth of winter from Cannes; and, probably, by the regimen prescribed for him there, which included "two quarts of milk and twelve raw eggs per diem." Reade had an elaborate system—to which one day in each week was devoted—of tabulating his materials. He wrote, in a large bold hand, on paper of unusual size. The house at Albert Gate was given up three or four years before his death, which took place at Shepherd's Bush. (Born 1814. Died 1884.)

ROUTE IV.

Distance 6 miles; this can be equally and conveniently divided at Albany Street, recommencing at Gower Street.

AGAIN starting from Piccadilly Circus, we pass, by way of Coventry and Wardour Streets, into

GERRARD STREET.

55 **No. 37,** now an hotel, and which bears a memorial tablet,
C 4 was the residence of **Edmund Burke** in 1787. At the Turk's Head, then existing in the same street, he united in 1763 with Johnson and Reynolds in forming the Literary Club, to which the cleverest men of the day thought it the highest honour to belong. Gilfillan (*Literary Portraits*) says of Burke, "In private he was unquestionably one of the most blameless of the eminent men of his day . . . . he was also the most amiable and actively benevolent of them." It would be pleasant to think that it was while living here that he gave the strongest evidence of the latter quality (of which his conduct to Crabbe and Barry are conspicuous instances), by giving an "unfortunate" from the streets into the charge of his wife, who took the woman into her service, and devoted herself to her reformation. Peter

37 Gerrard Street.

Burke (*Life of Burke*) says: "He was about 5 feet 10 inches high, well made and muscular, of that firm and compact frame that denotes more strength than bulk. His countenance had been in his youth handsome. The expression of his face was less striking than might have been anticipated, at least it was so until lit up by the animation of his conversation, or the fire of his eloquence. In dress he usually wore a brown suit; and he was, in his later days, easily recognizable in the House of Commons, from his bobwig and spectacles." (Born 1730. Died 1797.)

Another memorial tablet in this street, at **No. 43,** indicates the residence of **John Dryden.** He lived here with his wife, Lady Elizabeth Howard, and here he died. The ground room next the street was commonly his study, as we learn from *Spence's Anecdotes*, also that "he was not a very genteel man. He was said to be a very good man by all who knew him. He was as plump as Mr. Pitt, of a fresh colour and a down look, and not very conversable." From the same source we learn that he was habitually very abstemious until Addison induced him to take more than was good for his constitution. He "employed his mornings in writing, dined *en famille*, and then went to Will's Coffee House." (See page 13.) "His conversation," writes Gilfillan (*Life of Dryden*), "was less sprightly than solid, sometimes men suspected that he had 'sold his thoughts to his booksellers.' His manners are by his friends pronounced 'modest.' . . . . Bashful he seems to have been to

55
C 4

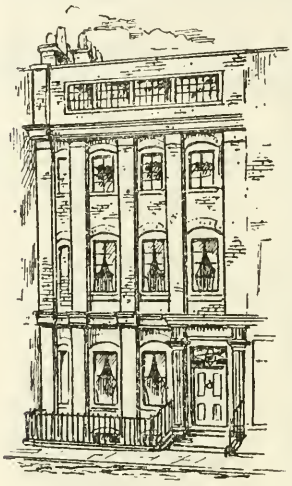
43 Gerrard Street.

awkwardness, but he was by no means a model of the virtues." (Born 1631. Died 1700.)

Nassau Street, at the eastern end of Gerrard Street, leads northward to

FRITH STREET.

56 Near to Soho Square, on the right hand, is **No. 6**, to
B 4 which, early in 1830, **William Hazlitt** removed from Bouverie Street (see page 16). He occupied apartments here, and here he died, after a few months' residence, in the presence of "Charles Lamb, Mr. Hussey, and his own son." His last words were, "Well, I've had a happy life." Some time before he had written, "My public and private hopes have been left in ruins, or remain only to mock me." Leigh Hunt said of him that his "criticisms on art throw a light on the subject as from a painted window"; and Barry Cornwall (*Recollections*) writes, "I despair of the age that has forgotten to read Hazlitt." The same writer describes him as "a grave man and diffident, almost awkward in manner . . . . of the middle size, with eager expressive eyes." Mr. S. C. Hall calls him "a mean-looking unprepossessing man"; and Talfourd writes of "a handsome eager countenance worn by sickness and thought . . . . his gait was slouching and awkward, and his dress neglected." His comparatively early death was due to gastric weakness



6 Frith Street.

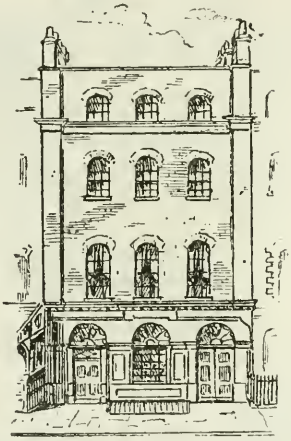
increased by the injudicious consumption of tea, of which he partook in large quantities. (Born 1778. Died 1830.)

SOHO SQUARE.

At **No. 31,** in the south-west corner (formerly 29), **Charles Kemble** was living in 1824. (Born 1775. Died 1854.) 56 B 4

DEAN STREET,

At **No. 74,** next to the Royalty Theatre, lived **Sir James Thornhill,** whose celebrity rests chiefly on his decorations of St. Paul's. 57 C 4



74 Dean Street.

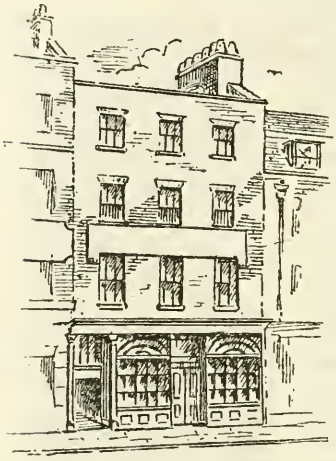
He was living here when, in 1729, Hogarth eloped with his daughter (see HOGARTH, page 2). A portion of the ground floor has been walled off to make a second entrance; otherwise the house remains in much the same condition as when Sir James occupied it. The outlines of the painting on the ceiling of the first floor may still be traced through the whitewash, but the frescoes with which the staircase walls were decorated have disappeared. The panels of the street-door have, in the interior, carved mouldings of solid oak; and a curious little recess behind the door, now partially boarded over, was used for a warming apparatus for the feet of the attendants of people of rank who visited the artist. It is a tradition that Queen Anne came here to sit for her portrait, and that her chairmen used to adjourn for refreshment to a tavern opposite. This is

commemorated in the name of the public-house which has taken its place, "The Crown and Two Chairmen." (Born 1676. Died 1734.)

St. Anne's Court and Portland Street lead to

POLAND STREET.

58 — C 4 **No. 15**, on the east side, had for a lodger, in 1811, **Percy Bysshe Shelley**, his companion being his friend and biographer, T. J. Hogg, who, says the poet, was attracted by the name of the street, "because it reminded him of Thaddeus of Warsaw and freedom."



15 Poland Street.

"We must lodge there, should we sleep even on the step of a door." A paper in the window of No. 15 announced lodgings. Shelley took some objection to the exterior of the house, but we went in. . . . . There was a back sitting-room on the first-floor, somewhat dark but quiet, yet quietness was not the prime attraction. The walls of the room had lately been covered with trellised paper. . . . . This was delightful. He went close to the wall and touched it. "We must stay here; stay for ever." Shelley had the bedroom, opening out of the sitting-room, and this also was overspread with the trellised paper.

Shelley's tastes, in respect of diet, were most abstemious and somewhat peculiar. Writing of 1813, Hogg says:

When he felt hungry he would dash into the first baker's shop, buy a loaf and rush out again, bearing it under his arm, and he strode onwards in his rapid course, breaking off pieces of

bread and swallowing them. . . . . He made his meal of bread luxurious by the addition of common pudding raisins, purchased at some mean shop, where customers being few he might be speedily served, and these he carried loose in his waistcoat-pocket.

Dr. Dowden says: "The poet's favourite food at this stage of his career was cold bread poultice, made like the poultice of medical practice."

Shelley writes from here, April 18, 1811, "I have employed myself in writing poetry, and as I go to bed at eight o'clock, time passes quicker than it otherwise might." (See SHELLEY, page 46.) (Born 1792. Died 1822.)

At **No. 27, James Flaxman,** the sculptor, was living 58
in 1780–1782. In the latter year he married and went C 4
to live in Wardour Street. "So, Mr. Flaxman, I hear that you are married," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, meeting him; "if so, you are ruined for an artist." At this time Flaxman eked out his income by making ornamental designs for pottery. Being chosen parish officer, he used to collect the watch rates, with an ink-bottle at his button-hole. (Born 1754. Died 1826.) (See FLAXMAN, page 86.)

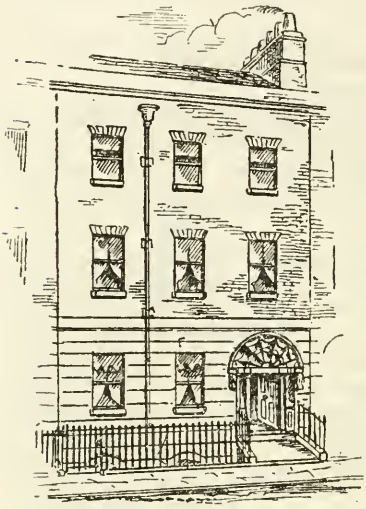
Great Marlborough Street leads us into

ARGYLL PLACE.

No. 8, under its former designation of 39 Argyll 59
Street, was for more than thirty years the abode of C 3
James Northcote, the fashionable portrait-painter, rough of aspect, bitter and cynical of speech, pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and also his biographer. Here he died in 1831. Haydon tells in his *Autobiography* how, a youth of eighteen, he presented his credentials to him on arriving in London:

I was shown first into a dirty gallery, then upstairs into a dirtier painting-room, and there, under a high window, with the light shining full on his bald grey head, stood a diminutive,

wizened figure, in an old blue striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead, looking keenly at me with his little shining eyes. He opened the letter, read it, and with the broadest Devon dialect, said, "Zo you mayne to bee a peinter, doo ee? What zort of peinter?" "Historical painter, sir." "Heestoricaul peinter! Why ye'll starve with a bundle of straw under your head."



8 Argyll Place.

It might have been better for poor Haydon's pocket and peace of mind if he had followed the advice thus indicated. (Born 1746. Died 1831.)

Dirt seems to have been a prevalent characteristic of artists' dwellings in those days. "Why don't you have your house painted, Northcote," said Nollekens, whom the artist found one day on turning in at his doorway, contemplating his frontage; "it's as dirty as Jem Barry's in Castle Street;" a remark which was presumably the result of an unwonted sense in the speaker of the virtue that is said to be next to godliness; since, but the day before, Nollekens had given his own door at Mortimer Street a coat of paint, and his front passage a *whitewash*, and they had been for five years in a most filthy state. (See BARRY, page 80, and NOLLEKENS, page 81.)

59 C3

ARGYLL STREET.

At **No. 29,** formerly 30, **Madame de Stael** resided on

her visit to England in 1813. (Born 1766. Died 1817.)

We now cross Oxford Street, going eastward to

NEWMAN STREET,

At **No. 14, Benjamin West** lived and had his studio —now St. Andrew's Hall. In 1830 it was used as a place of worship by Edward Irving after his condemnation by the Presbytery. West died in the drawing-room. (Born 1738. Died 1820.)

At **No. 28** lived **Thomas Stothard**, from 1794 until his death, which took place here. (Born 1755. Died 1834.) 60 B 4

BERNERS STREET.

At **No. 13**, opposite Castle Street, now a pianoforte dealer's, **Henry Fuseli** was living in 1804 (see FUSELI, page 83). Here he was visited by Haydon, who writes in his *Autobiography:* 61 B 4

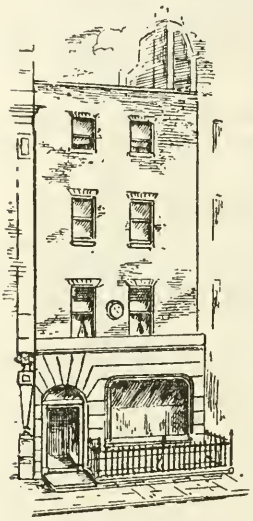
> I followed her [the maid-servant] into a gallery or show-room, enough to frighten anybody away at twilight. Galvanized devils, malicious witches brewing their incantations, Satan bridging chaos, and springing upwards like a pyramid of fire, Lady Macbeth, Paolo and Francesca, Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly—humour, pathos, terror, blood, and murder met me at every look. I expected the floor to give way. I fancied Fuseli himself to be a giant. I heard his footstep, and saw a little bony hand slide round the edge of the door, followed by a little white-headed, lion-faced man in an old flannel dressing-gown tied round his waist with a piece of rope, and upon his head the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket.

In the *Annual Biography* for 1826, we have a picture of two Royal Academicians "more remarkable for their abilities than for their attention to the outward man," continuing on the doorstep, in the act of leaving, a somewhat excited discussion which had been carried on in the rooms above, and Fuseli remarking in a humorous tone, in allusion to their shabby habiliments, "Come, go

away! go away! I don't wish my neighbours to think I have bumbailiffs about me!" (Born 1741. Died 1825.)

CASTLE STREET EAST.

61 B4 **No. 36,** now much altered, had for the tenant of its upper floors the artist **James Barry.** From thence he emerged morning after morning (in summer at five o'clock) and thither he returned usually at dusk during the six years—1777–1783—that he was engaged on his colossal work of decoration at the Society of Arts, where, according to the housekeeper, "his violence was dreadful, his oaths horrid, and his temper like insanity." He is described as "a little shabby pock-marked man, in an old dirty coat with a scarecrow wig," living for the most part on bread and apples, and working for the print-sellers at night—either at home or at the Society of Arts (where tea was "made for him in a quart pot"), to keep the wolf from the door, until the payment of the sum of £750 at the expiration of his gigantic task enabled him to buy an annuity of £60 a year. It is recorded that Burke, who was a great friend to the struggling artist, and had assisted in sending him for improvement to Italy in 1765–1770, once dined with Barry in his painting loft on beefsteaks, of which he superintended the cooking, while Barry went to a neighbouring public-house to fetch porter, the foaming head of which he lamented on his return that a high wind had carried off



36 Castle Street.

as he crossed Titchfield Street. Barry's death followed on an apoplectic attack while absent from home, to which they were unable to bring him, owing to mischievous boys having plugged the keyhole with small stones. (Born 1741. Died 1804.)

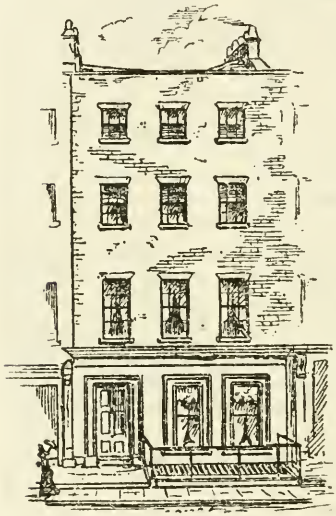
Passing up Wells Street into

MORTIMER STREET,

we stop at **Nos. 44** and **45**, at the corner of Great Titchfield Street. These two houses formerly constituted No. 9, having the entrance in the centre. Hither came in the year 1771, after some years spent in the practice of his art at Rome, and here died, the sculptor **Joseph Nollekens,** whose reputation was mainly for the production of busts—as he called them, "bustos." He is described as a simple, half-witted man, with a shrewd eye to the main chance, well known on the Stock Exchange as holder to a large amount, singular and parsimonious to excess. A sordid economy was imposed upon his wife, who was a handsome woman, and stood a good head and shoulders above her short, thick-set husband. A couple of mould candles were made to serve by careful management through the winter, being never lighted until late in the evening, unless a visitor called, and then "they would wait until they heard a second rap, lest the first should have been a runaway and the candle wasted." The corner room—now one of the two shops into which the house is divided—which had two windows, was dining- and sitting-room and sitters' parlour. For many years two pieces of old green canvas were festooned at the lower parts of the windows as blinds. We may see in imagination Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale coming here to see the bust of Lord Mansfield. The sculptor, observing only the Doctor, vociferates, "I like your picture by Sir Joshua very much. He tells me it's for Thrale, a brewer over the water. His wife's a sharp woman—one of the blue-stocking people." "Nolly,

62 — B3

Nolly," observes the Doctor, "I wish your maid would stop your foolish mouth with a blue-bag." Our extracts are taken from *Nollekens and his Times*. Landseer used to tell an amusing story of Nollekens to the effect that when George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, was sitting for the completion of his bust, and a little marble dust fell on his collar, Nollekens blew it off, and in the same breath said, "How's your father?" The king was just recovering from a long illness. "Thank you, Mr. Nollekens, he is much better." "Ah, that's all right," said the artist; "it would be a sad thing if he was to die, for we shall never have another king like him." "Thank you," said the Prince. "Ah, sir, you may depend upon that." (Born 1737. Died 1823.)



33 Foley Street.

FOLEY STREET

turns out of Great Titchfield Street going north, and has very much deteriorated in character since, at **No. 33**, in the third decade of the century, lived **Edwin Landseer**, greatest of animal painters, and whose skill as a sculptor, exemplified in the lions at the base of the Nelson column, led Dickens to call him "the Van Amburgh of Trafalgar Square." Mrs. Mackenzie, his sister, writes, in a note to Stephens's *Life* of the artist, that he lived "with his father and brother and Mr. Henry Landseer, his uncle, at 33 Foley Street, or Foley Place, then called Queen

63
B 3

Anne Street, in the bend of Foley Street, not far from Portland Street. The street is marked Foley Street on Horwood's Plan of London, in 1819, and the house still stands in the bend of the street unchanged. "Landseer, from his early youth," writes Mr. Frith (*Reminiscences*), "had been admitted to high society, and in speaking he had caught a little of the drawl affected in high life, and he practised it till it became a second nature." His first picture exhibited at the Royal Academy was painted at the age of thirteen, and labelled, "Master Edwin Landseer, 33 Foley Street." This was in 1815. Ten years later, residence under the parental roof becoming irksome under the over-vigilant superintendence of a father who himself negotiated the sale of his pictures, and continued to treat the man of three-and-twenty as though still in his teens, he removed to St. John's Wood. (See page 132.) (Born 1802. Died 1873.)

No. 37 Foley Street, now a public-house, and **No. 40**, which is little changed, were occupied by **Henry Fuseli** (see FUSELI, page 79); the first from 1788 to 1792, the second in 1800, being then respectively numbered 72 and 75 Queen Anne Street East. (Born 1741. Died 1825.)

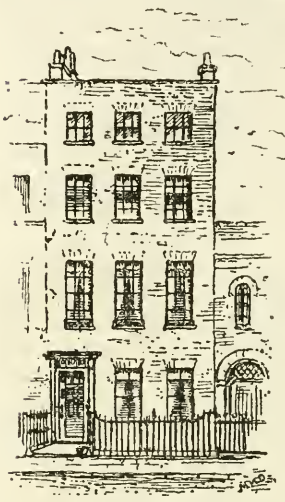
Passing along Foley Street eastward, and southward in Cleveland Street to Tottenham Street, we reach

CHARLOTTE STREET.

No. 76, next to the chapel, was the residence for many years of the great artist of Nature, **John Constable**. He brought his wife and children here from The Terrace, Hampstead, about 1822, and a few years later removed them to Well Walk, Hampstead (see page 126), retaining his studio in Charlotte Street. In 1826 he writes: "My wife is at Hampstead . . . . I am endeavouring to secure a permanent small house there, and have put the upper part of this house into an upholsterer's hands to let, made my painting room warm and comfortable, and have become an inhabitant of my

64 / B4

parlour. I am three miles from door to door" (*Life*, by Leslie). The house was then numbered 35. In 1828 he returned to Charlotte Street, on the death of his wife, retaining the house at Hampstead as an occasional residence. A happy but too brief married life rewarded him for the delays attendant on a courtship prolonged by the long-sustained opposition of the friends of the lady. He suffered almost constantly from ill-health. His physical courage and kindness of heart are shown by his conduct when a fire took place at the house opposite, No. 85, then 63 (occupied by Maclise in 1835–6), at the time he lodged there in 1812. At considerable peril, he assisted in the removal of pictures and other valuables, and finding the poor woman servant of the house bewailing the loss of "all her fortune, which was in the garret and in her pocket under her pillow," he braved the heat and smoke of the burning building, and brought her the money.



76 Charlotte Street.

Mr. Frith (*Further Reminiscences*) tells the following anecdote of one of his visits to Constable:

> In one of Constable's pictures, amongst those in his studio, was one in which a kingfisher or a heron, I forget which, had been introduced. I admired it, and Constable said, "Yes, I saw it. I had sat a long time without a living thing making its appearance. I always sit till I see some living thing, because if any such appear it is sure to be appropriate to the place."

A curious proof of the stillness with which he would sit, while painting in the open air, is given (in Leslie's

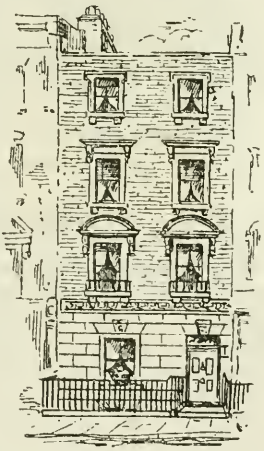
Life) in the discovery one day in his coat-pocket of a field-mouse, which he had crushed in changing his position by sitting upon it. The mouse has been preserved, and is at the time of writing to be seen in a case at the Grosvenor Gallery, with the artist's palette and brushes and other relics. Constable died in the top floor here, in the night, from the effects of a late undigested supper, and the delay in obtaining from the lower rooms a sufficiently prompt supply of stimulant to prevent collapse. (Born 1776. Died 1837.)

Howland Street leads, westward, into

BOLSOVER STREET.

This street was formerly known as Norton Street. 65 B3
At **No. 8** lived, in the earliest part of the century, "a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman," by name **David Wilkie.** Haydon (*Autobiography*) writes in his Diary, 1806:

On the Sunday I read in the news, "A young man of the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work" [at the Royal Academy Exhibition]. I was in the clouds, hurried over my breakfast, rushed away, met Jackson, who joined me, and we both bolted into Wilkie's room [elsewhere described by Haydon as "the little parlour in Norton Street"]. I roared out "Wilkie, my boy, your name's in the paper!" "Is it, really?" said David. I read the puff, we huzzaed, and, taking hands, all three danced round the table until we were tired.



8 Bolsover Street.

This picture was *The Village Politicians*, and its exhibition led to two other commissions—those for *The*

Rent Day and *The Blind Fiddler*. Wilkie's mother came to live with him here later on. It was a very quiet street, not infested by street musicians: and Mulready, calling on Wilkie one day, was much surprised, on entering the street, to hear the sound of bagpipes, while the musicians were invisible. The mysterious music was ultimately found to emanate from Wilkie's rooms, where a stalwart Highlander was playing for dear life. When the music ceased, Wilkie said: "Well, ye see, the mother is not so well to-day. She said she would like to hear the music, for she's aye fond o' the pipes." Mrs. Thomson (*Recollections of Literary Characters*) describes Wilkie at the age of thirty-two as "a tall, thin man, with square shoulders, and a bend rather than a stoop in his figure . . . . long and marked eyebrows . . . . full, large, cold eyes, which looked as if they looked not, but which kindled when the speaker was warmed through . . . . the face long, serious, and honest." The same writer testifies to his "worth, his high principle, his unalterable integrity, and singleness of heart." In his manner Wilkie was shy and constrained. He never married. (See WILKIE, page 140.) (Born 1785. Died 1841.)

At the top of Bolsover Street, on the right, is

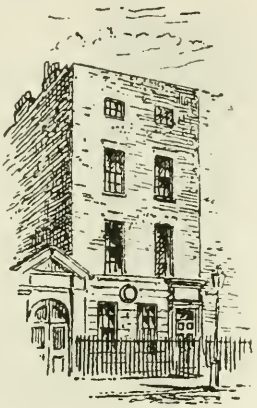
BUCKINGHAM STREET,

which has sadly degenerated from its former dignity and importance with the neighbourhood generally. A 66 memorial tablet on **No. 7** indicates the residence of **John Flaxman**, whom Sir Richard Walworth called "the greatest of modern sculptors," and of whom Canova said: "You come to Rome to admire my work, while you possess in your own country a Flaxman, an artist whose designs excel in classical grace all that I have been acquainted with in modern art." It was here that Flaxman lived during the prime of his artistic career from 1796, when he returned from Rome, and he died

A 3

here in 1826. Here is a picture—unattractive enough—of the sculptor in his old age furnished by Haydon (*Autobiography*):

I called on Flaxman, who received me very kindly. "I wish to renew my acquaintance after twenty years' interval," I said. "Mr. Haydon," said the intelligent deformity, "I am happy to see you, sir; walk in." "Mr. Flaxman, sir, you look well." "Sir, I am very well, thanks to the Lord! I am seventy-two, and ready to go when the Lord pleases!"



7 Buckingham Street.

After relating some conversation about Wilkie, the writer proceeds:

Here he touched me familiarly and leaned forward, and his old, deformed, humped shoulder protruded as he leant, and his sparkling old eyes, and his apish old mouth grinned on one side, and he rattled out of his throat, husky with coughing, a jarry inward hesitating sound which meant that Wilkie's reputation was "all my eye" in comparison with ours.

Flaxman is described as a sickly boy, and never strong as a man; remarkable for the simplicity and piety of his life as for his industry. His wife, "an accomplished lady, and who proved a kindly and sympathetic helpmate," died in 1820. (See FLAXMAN, page 77.) (Born 1754. Died 1826.)

Continuing up Bolsover Street, we cross the Euston Road to the left of the church to

ALBANY STREET.

At **No. 37**, formerly 34, lived, from 1865 to 1880, **Frank Trevelyan Buckland**, who, from assistant-surgeon to 67 A 3

the 2nd Life Guards in 1863, became the most practical naturalist of the day.

Here he strove to acclimatize foreign animals suitable for food in this country. His house was full of crawling, creeping, barking, flying, swimming, and squeaking things. . . . . In brief, No. 34 Albany Street was a museum and a menagerie in one. . . . . Never careful of his health, a constitution naturally strong broke down after repeated illnesses. He was a genial, kindly man, who "loved all things both great and small," and was himself loved in return. (*Celebrities of the Century.*)

37 Albany Street.

"I am now working," he wrote in his journal, March 1866, "from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., and then a bit in the evening—fourteen hours a day; but, thank God, it does not hurt me. I should, however, collapse if it were not for Sunday." Of the use he habitually made of the day of rest, we have an intimation in another entry: "To church twice"—but the consequences! "Dick, the rat, stole away two five-pound notes from my drawers." "The household arrangements," says Mr. George C. Bompas, whose *Life* of Buckland has supplied the above extracts, "were unconventional, and his journal occasionally records experiments in unusual food. 'B. called: cooked a viper for luncheon.'" Among the "flying things" was a "laughing jackass," who, to Buckland's disgust, "would never laugh," and was only provoked to a sort of titter by the consumption of a toothsome mouse; and who escaped one day from its cage and was found asleep on the bed of a gentleman near the Hampstead Road. (Born 1826. Died 1880.) A writer in the

World says Buckland's house was formerly the house of Mr. Hogarth, Charles Dickens's father-in-law.

We now traverse the Euston Road, eastward, to

GOWER STREET.

No. 110, on the east side, is now deprived of its entrance, and forms part of a residential branch of one of the large firms in Tottenham Court Road, being entered from 112. In the year 1839 it was let in furnished apartments, and one of its tenants was **Charles Darwin**. It was then known as 12 Upper Gower Street. Darwin went to live here on his marriage, having during three previous years lodged at two houses in Great Marlborough Street. Marlborough Street has been renumbered, and both houses have been rebuilt. He writes to Fox, October 1839:— 68 A 4

> We are living a life of extreme quietness. Delamere itself, which you describe as so secluded a spot, is, I will answer for it, quite dissipated compared with Gower Street. We have given up all parties, for they agree with neither of us; and if one is quiet in London, there is nothing like it for quietness. . . . . There is a grandeur about its smoky fogs, and the dull, distant sounds of cabs and coaches; in fact, you may perceive I am becoming a thorough-paced cockney, and I glory in the thought that I shall be here for the next six months.

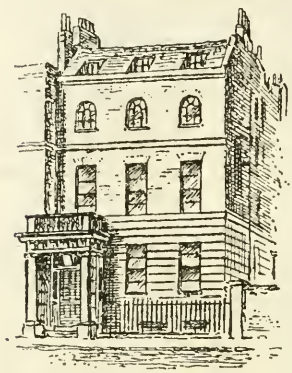
In 1835 he had written: "I assure you I grieve to find how many things make me see the necessity of living for some time in this dirty, odious London." Mr. Francis Darwin writes: "The house, No. 12 Upper Gower Street, was a small, commonplace London house, with a drawing-room in front, and a small room behind, in which they lived for quietness. In later years my father used to laugh over the surpassing ugliness of the furniture, carpets, &c." The extracts are from the *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*. Even at this early period his work was constantly interrupted by ill-health, the result of prolonged physical derangement during

the expedition in the *Beagle*. In 1840 he removed to Down, where he remained until his death. (Born 1809. Died 1852.)

Torrington Place, a little south of No. 110, leads to

TAVISTOCK SQUARE,

69 in a recessed corner of which, on the north-east, stands
A 4 Tavistock House, the home from 1850 to 1860 of **Charles Dickens**. He came here from Devonshire Terrace (see page 114), and removed thence finally from London to Gadshill, near Rochester. *Bleak House*—named after the house he rented during several seasons at Broadstairs — and *Little Dorrit* were produced during this period; and the famous dramatic performances, for which Stanfield painted the scenery, and in which Dickens (who *revelled* in the stage management) and others, eminent in art and literature, acted—performances afterwards given in public for benevolent objects—were given. The domestic estrangement, which resulted in the separation of husband and wife, dates from the later part of his residence here. (See also DICKENS, pages 19, 20, 110.) (Born 1812. Died 1870.)



Tavistock House.

WOBURN PLACE.

70 At **No. 35**, from 1840 to 1857, lived **Samuel Warren**.
A 4 The novel by which he is best known, *Ten Thousand a Year*, was published in 1841, and was probably in part, if not entirely, written here. Nathaniel Hawthorne

(*English Notes*) describes Warren as "not tall, nor large, with a pale, thin, and intelligent face." (Born 1807. Died 1877.)

GREAT CORAM STREET.

At **No. 13** was living, in 1840, **William Makepeace Thackeray.** Here *The Paris Sketch-Book* was written. He removed from Great Coram Street owing to the failing health of Mrs. Thackeray—to whom he had been married in 1837—and made several changes of residence before going to live at Kensington (see page 135). A note on Thackeray's *manner*, from Hodder's *Memories of My Time*, may be quoted here. "It is well known to those who saw much of Thackeray in his familiar moments, that he could be essentially 'jolly' (a favourite term of his) when the humour suited him, and that he would, on occasions, open his heart as freely as if the word 'reticence' formed no part of his vocabulary; whereas, at other times, he would keep himself entirely within himself, answer a question by a monosyllable, or peradventure by a single movement of the head. Douglas Jerrold was often heard to say: 'I have known Thackeray eighteen years, and I don't know him yet.'" (Born 1811. Died 1863.)

71
A 5

13 Great Coram Street.

At the east end of Great Coram Street is

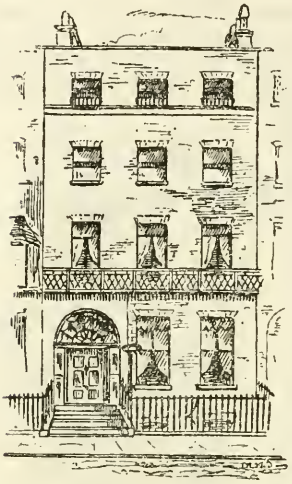
BRUNSWICK SQUARE.

72
A 5

No. 32 was the home, for apparently about ten years,

of the delightful caricaturist, **John Leech.** In reply to an inquiry, Miss Leech, the sister of the artist, writes:

"When my brother married, about one or two and twenty years of age, he lived at 9 Powis Place, Great Ormond Street. He then took a small house at Brook Green, Hammersmith. From there he went to Notting Hill, Bayswater. In these houses he must have passed ten or more years of his life. He was some years at 32 Brunswick Square. His last residence was 6 The Terrace, Kensington, where he died at the age of forty-seven. . . . . I think my brother was a longer time at Brunswick Square than at the other houses. He had two children born there, and I think when they left they were about eleven years of age."



32 Brunswick Square.

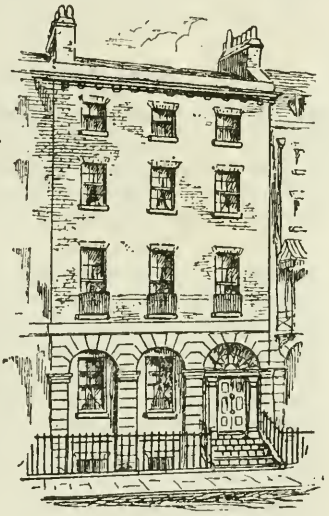
This would give from about 1850 to 1860. Mr. Frith has a letter from Leech in his *Further Reminiscences*, dated from here in 1859. Mr. Kitton, in his *Memoirs* of Leech, describes him as "tall, strong, but delicately made, graceful, long-limbed, with a grave, handsome face, a sensitive, gentle mouth—but a mouth that could be 'set'—deep penetrating eyes, an open, high, and broad forehead." The same writer narrates that, "It is related that he first saw Mrs. Leech, then Miss Mary Ann Eaton, walking in London, and, following her home, noted the number of the house, looked out the name, obtained an introduction, and married the lady." (See Leech, page 139.) (Born 1817. Died 1864.)

Passing along the west side of Brunswick Square, and through Bernard Street, we reach

RUSSELL SQUARE.

At **No. 65**, on the east side of the square, lived, from 1813 until his death, **Sir Thomas Lawrence.** In the year named he was in the height of his reputation. Twenty years before, when he had "splendid apartments" in Old Bond Street, his price for half-length portraits had been a hundred guineas; now it rose to four hundred. "Kings and princes were his patrons, and peers and peeresses his companions, nor had England a genius who reckoned not his acquaintance a pleasure, if not an honour" (Allan Cunningham's *Life of Lawrence*). Moreover, Lawrence had claims to social consideration as a highly accomplished elocutionist, reciting from Shakespeare "in a manner worthy of the stage," and "writing poetry with great readiness." We find him an appreciative listener to Mrs. Siddons, though under somewhat humorous conditions. (See SIDDONS, page 117.) Cunningham describes Lawrence as "finely proportioned, and countenance open and noble. Head bald in later years" (in early life with "hair long and plentiful, flowing down upon his shoulders"), "but so finely shaped that the want of hair was a beauty." He

73
A 5



65 Russell Square.

was unmarried. He died here of ossification of the heart. (Born 1769. Died 1830.)

73 At **No. 56, Mary Russell Mitford** lodged in 1836,
A 5 and numbered Wordsworth among her visitors. Mr. S. C. Hall (*Memories*) describes her as "a short, little lady . . . . vexatiously dumpy;" and quotes Miss Landon, who called her "Sancho Panza in petticoats." Mr. James Payne found her looking "like a venerable fairy, with bright sparkling eyes, and a clear incisive voice, and a laugh that carried you away with it" (*Literary Recollections*). (Born 1786. Died 1855.)

The north side of Russell Square, and a short turning out of the middle of Keppel Street, lead us into

TORRINGTON SQUARE.

74 **No. 3**, at the southern end, was the residence, from
A 4 1853 to 1856, of **Charles Kean**. This was the period of his management of the Princess's Theatre, and the production of those magnificent revivals of Shakespeare's and Byron's plays which for years made that theatre one of the most fashionable resorts in London. By nature Charles Kean had every bad quality that an actor could possess—a bad figure, a bad voice, and an impediment in his speech; but he had, it has been well remarked, "a fine taste, an iron will, and tireless industry." He knew nothing, in the early part of his career, of such struggles as embittered the nature of his father. On the strength of his name, he commenced, at a salary of £10 per week, at Covent Garden Theatre, at sixteen years of age. Mr. Frith (*Further Reminiscences*) tells of a conversation in which Mark Lemon spoke of his being present at the first appearance of Charles Kean in London after his father's death. "I was in the dress-circle, and as soon as the actor appeared a voice behind me exclaimed, 'Great Heaven! he is like his father come to life again.' 'Physically yes, mentally no,' said Dickens. 'If you can imagine port wine without its flavour, you have a

fair comparison between the elder Kean and his son.'" (Born 1811. Died 1868.)

Keppel Street and Store Street lead into

ALFRED PLACE.

At **No. 29, Sheridan Knowles** was living in 1840. His plays were produced between 1837 and 1843. (Born 1784. Died 1868.) 75 B4

We return along Store Street and southward by Gower Street to

BEDFORD SQUARE.

At **No. 6**, on the east side, lived, from 1800 to 1813, the famous Chancellor, John Scott, **Lord Eldon.** It was here that the Prince Regent, by his insistance at the Chancellor's sick-bed, wrung from him the appointment to the vacant post of Master in Chancery for his friend Jekyll in 1802, as told in Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors.* From the same source we extract the following: 76 B4

> When he had leisure in London he spent it in gossip, preferring the society of inferiors and dependents. The constancy of his passion for Bessy [Lady Eldon, with whom he had eloped at their marriage in 1772] is his brightest distinction. In his elevation her happiness was his first care. Partly from ill-health, partly from shyness, ... she had a great dislike to giving entertainments, and he cheerfully renounced visiting society for her sake, and incurred the imputation of stinginess. . . . . She cut his hair, arranged his linen and clothes for dress, and stole to the window when he went out to see, so neat in all his arrangements, the Chancellor pass by.

Lord Eldon retained the taste for homely fare acquired in his early days, and when, being invited to dinner, he was asked to name any special dish for which he had a preference, he astonished and mortified his intending host by proposing "liver and bacon!" (See ELDON, page 67.) (Born 1751. Died 1838.)

Montague Place leads again to Russell Square, in the centre of the south side of which is

BEDFORD PLACE.

77 B5 At **No. 15 Edward Jenner**, whose great discovery, as Peter Cunningham remarks, "has preserved unimpaired so much English beauty," was living in 1806–1807. Jenner estimated his loss from relinquishing his practice at Berkeley and coming to London at £6000 in four years. His first grant from Government of £10,000 remained for two years unpaid, and then came to him minus £1000 for fees and other charges. He lived here on his second term of residence in London, having then received a further grant of £20,000. Jenner's personal appearance was in no way striking. He is described as of a very lively turn of mind, animated in conversation, and with a very kind disposition. He died at Berkeley of apoplexy. (Born 1749. Died 1823.)

15 Bedford Place.

BLOOMSBURY SQUARE.

78 B5 **No. 5**, at the corner of Hart Street, was the residence of **Isaac Disraeli**, author of *The Curiosities of Literature*, and with him, as a lad, his son, **Benjamin Disraeli** (see pages 24, 44, 60). Isaac Disraeli was born 1766; died 1848.

ROUTE V.

Distance 4¾ *miles.*

On the present excursion we again take Regent Circus as our starting-point, and proceed westward along Oxford Street on its north side, to

STRATFORD PLACE.

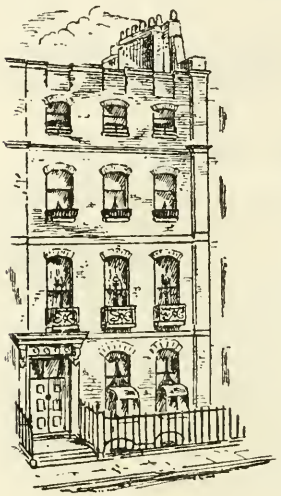
At **No. 18 Sydney Smith** lived for some months. Lady Holland writes (*Memoir of Sydney Smith*): "In 1834 my father took a small house for a short time in Stratford Place, from whence his eldest daughter was married to Dr. Holland. . . . . Whilst we were there, he was writing one morning in his favourite bay-window, when a pompous little man, in rusty black, was ushered in. 'May I ask what procures me the honour of this visit?' said my father. 'Oh!' said the little man, 'I am compiling a history of the distinguished families in Somersetshire, and have called to obtain the Smith arms.' 'I regret,' said my father, 'not to be able to contribute to so valuable a work; but the Smiths never had any arms, and invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs.' In truth, he could not have stumbled on a more perfect Goth than my father on the subject of ancestral distinctions." The "favourite bay-window" is that of a back room on the ground floor. (Born 1771. Died 1845.) (See pages 21, 37, 44, 57.) 79 B3

Retracing our steps, we turn up Holles Street into

CAVENDISH SQUARE.

At **No. 32**, on the south side, lived, towards the close of the last century, the artist, **George Romney.** "The 80 B3

man in Cavendish Square" was his customary designation by Sir Joshua Reynolds, his rival in the early part of his career. "In person," says Sir Ronald Gower in his *Life*, "he was broadly built and below the middle height, his face rather more intelligent than handsome." We further learn that he "often wrought thirteen hours a day, commencing at eight or earlier, and, except when engaged out, which was not frequently, prolonging his application till late into the night." Romney married young, but left his wife at Kendal on coming to London, nor did she ever share his home there. He became intimate with the notorious Lady Hamilton (see page 56), whom he painted innumerable times. He lived here twenty-two years, and in 1797 removed to Hampstead, for the convenience of a large studio which he built to contain the colossal works which he intended to paint, but never accomplished. Its erection, and that of a "whimsical structure" as a residence, "in which there was nothing like domestic accommodation," consumed a year of time and £2700, and his health and temper alike suffered from the superintendence of the work. (See HAMPSTEAD, page 127.) When his capacity for painting was gone he bethought himself of his deserted wife and children in the north, and died under their care at Kendal, aged sixty-eight. Romney had ceased to be the fashion as a portrait-painter before he went to Hampstead. Mr. Frith (*Further Reminiscences*) writes,



32 Cavendish Square.

"At one time, he says himself, he thought he must have planted cannon at his door in Cavendish Square, to overawe the eager crowds that pressed upon him for their portraits; when, suddenly, and in the plenitude of his powers, Cavendish Square was deserted and he was left without a sitter." (Born 1734. Died 1802.)

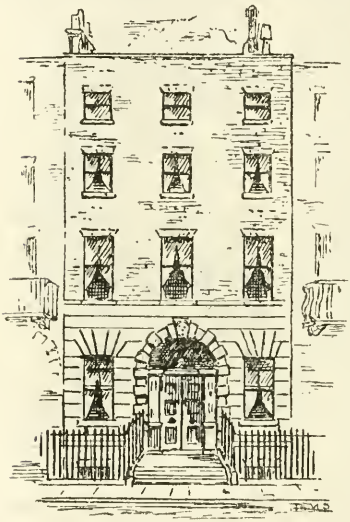
HARLEY STREET.

No. 38 (formerly 13) interests us as the residence, for some years prior to 1861, of **Barry Cornwall** (Bryan Waller Procter). He had then long closed his career as a poet, but the dinners and "at homes" here were the resort of all that was most distinguished in literature and art. Mr. James T. Fields, in *Yesterdays with Authors*, describes his figure as "short and full," his voice with "a low veiled tone habitually in it, which made it sometimes difficult to hear distinctly what he was saying." Miss Martineau says that his favourite method was to compose when he was alone in a crowd, and that "he declared that he did his best when walking the London streets." He had "an odd habit of running into a shop to secure his verses, often carrying them away on scraps of crumpled paper in which cheese or sugar had been wrapped." In 1861 Mr. Procter removed to Weymouth Street, in the immediate vicinity, where he died thirteen years later. (Born 1787. Died 1874.)

81
B 3

38 Harley Street.

The house in Harley Street has been specially indicated of the two homes of "the Procters" in this neighbourhood, as being also identified with the greater part of the brief career of **Adelaide Anne Procter,** whose first compositions were sent to *Household Words* under the name of Berwick. In a preface to her poems, Charles Dickens has told how, going to dine with his "old friend," in December 1854, he placed an early proof of the Christmas number, containing *The Seven Poor Travellers,* on the drawing-room table, with "some words of praise" for one of "Miss Berwick's" poems which it contained. "Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken to the mother of its writer in its writer's presence." Mr. Frith (*Further Reminiscences*) says: "Miss Procter was very charming, but Nature had been very unkind to her in respect of personal appearance." She died after a prolonged illness, the result of over-exertion and exposure in works of benevolence. "Swift to sympathize," writes Dickens, "eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day, or night, food or rest." (Born 1825. Died 1864.)



73 Harley Street.

81 — P 3 At **No. 73** Harley Street, **Sir Charles Lyell** was living from 1854 to 1875, the date of his death, which took place here. He had lived in the same street since

1846. Probably his many and long intervals of absence from home rendered him less impatient than he might otherwise have become, of such prolonged contemplation of the depressing monotony and regularity which Harley Street has in common with the contiguous thoroughfares. (Born 1797. Died 1875.)

QUEEN ANNE STREET.

Nos. 22 and **23**, on the south side, are those of the structure which has replaced the residence (as indicated by a tasteful memorial tablet put up by the Trustees of the Portman Estate) of that greatest among artists, **Joseph Mallord William Turner,** whose main characteristics Mr. Ruskin has enumerated as "uprightness, generosity, tenderness of heart, sensuality, obstinacy, irritability, and infidelity" (Thornbury's *Life of Turner*). The house was a wretched, neglected home during his tenancy, having a "blistered dirty house-door and black-crusted windows," with a bare and chilly gallery on the first floor where hung the wonderful, though not then saleable, works, many of which—his bequest to the nation—are now in the National Gallery. He used to paint in the front room on the first floor for the benefit of the north light, but it was in the gallery in the rear that, according to a story told by Mr. Frith (*Reminiscences*), he was found one Sunday by a visitor, a Scottish laird and his earliest patron, "crouched over a morsel of fire, with a dreadful cold upon him, muffled up and miserable":

82
B3

"Yes, here I am," said Turner, "with all these unsaleable things about me; I wish to heaven I could get rid of them. I would sell them cheap to anybody who would take them where I couldn't see them any more." "Well," said Mr. Munro, "what will you take for the lot?" "Oh, I don't know; you may make me an offer if you like!" Mr. Munro made a rapid inspection of the pictures, and then offered to write a cheque for £25,000 for the whole of them. Turner's bright eyes glittered for a moment. He turned to the fire, and seemed absorbed in thought, and then said, "Go and take a walk, and come back in half an hour, and I will give you an answer. Thank you for the offer." When

Mr. Munro returned, Turner's first words were, "Hullo! what, you here again? I am very ill; my cold is very bad." "Well," said Munro, "have you decided to accept my offer?" "No, I won't—I can't. I believe I am going to die, and I intend to be buried in those two (pointing to the *Carthage* and *Sun Rising through a Mist*, now placed with the Claudes in the National Gallery, in accordance with his request), so I can't; besides, I can't be bothered; good evening!"

Turner died at Chelsea, where he took lodgings in the name of Booth, adopting that of his landlady, in a house in Cheyne Walk. (See TURNER, page 152.) (Born 1775. Died 1851.)

WIMPOLE STREET.

83 — B3 **No. 67** is noteworthy as the residence (1839) of the historian, **Henry Hallam**, and his great work, *The History of the Middle Ages*, was produced here. Archbishop Trench (*Letters and Memorials*) writes in a letter from Botley, Hampshire:

> We have had Mr. Hallam settled three or four miles from us during the summer and autumn; but he seems studiously determined not to appear in society as the author with foolscap livery turned up with red ink, and even in the narrowest circle it seems impossible to get him beyond the usual gossip of the day.

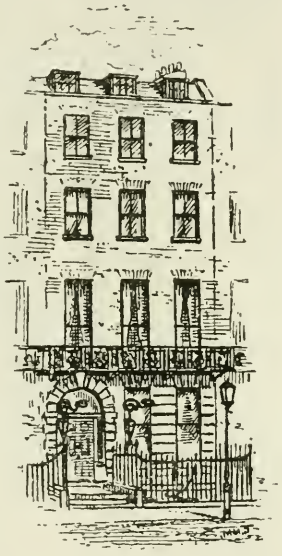
Miss Martineau (*Biographical Sketches*) describes Hallam as

> the most rapid talker in company, quick in his movements, genial in his feelings, earnest in narrative, and innocently surprised when he found himself agreeing with anybody, and pretty sure to blurt out something awkward before the day was done, but never giving offence, because his talk was always the fresh growth of the topic, and, it may be added, his manners were those of a thorough gentleman. He was an admirable subject for his friend Sydney Smith's description. In a capital sketch of a dinner-party, to which Sydney Smith went late, Hallam was one of the figures—"And there was Hallam, with his mouth full of cabbage and contradiction," a sentence in which we see at once the rapid speaking and action, and the constitutional habit of mind. . . . . The indomitable character of his energies and spirits, and the strength of the vitality of his mind, was proved by his endurance of a singular series of domestic bereavements

[nearly all his children and his wife died instantaneously]. He is perhaps almost as well known as the father of the Arthur Hallam, celebrated by Tennyson in his *In Memoriam*, as by his own literary fame.

(Born 1778. Died 1859.)

At **No. 50** Wimpole Street was living, from 1836 till her marriage, ten years later, **Elizabeth Barrett Browning**, then Miss Barrett, that marvel of precocious talent, who at eight years of age could read Horace in the original, "holding her book in one hand and carrying her doll on the other arm." This was her father's residence, and here many years were passed in the confinement of a sick-room, the consequence of an accidental injury to the spine. Miss Mitford, who "would travel forty miles to see her for an hour," and Mrs. Jameson, were among her visitors. *The Cry of the Children* was written here. Hawthorne, who visited her at Florence, has described her as "a pale, small person, scarcely embodied at all." (Born 1804. Died 1861.) 83 B3



50 Wimpole Street.

Returning to Queen Anne Street, we pass westward to Welbeck Street, and turn southward into

BENTINCK STREET.

No. 7, on the north side, altered somewhat in appearance since his time, was the residence (1774-1790) of 84 B3

Edward Gibbon. Here he composed a large portion of his Roman History. He himself describes the house as "the best house in the world." In his *Correspondence* he writes, September 10, 1774:

> Yesterday morning, about half an hour after seven, as I was destroying an army of barbarians, I heard a double rap at the door, and my friend —— was soon introduced. After some idle conversation he told me that if I was desirous of being in Parliament, he had an *independent* seat very much at my service. This is a fine opening for me, and if next spring I should take my seat and publish my book, it will be a very memorable era in my life.

Both anticipations were realized. Of the *Decline and Fall* he writes, "The first edition was exhausted in a few days . . . . my book was on every table, almost on every toilette." One of the means he took to enrich his style is shown in the record that he attended Hunter's lectures on anatomy (see HUNTER, page 3) and some lessons in chemistry. "The principles of these sciences and a taste for natural history," he says, "contributed to multiply my ideas and images." For the last few years of his life he lived at Lausanne, where his great work was finished. The Rev. P. Anton (*Masters in History*) describes Gibbon as

> unusually heavy and corpulent, and with an inveterate dislike to anything involving bodily exercise, ... an eager appetite, and a taste for Madeira, which he regarded as "essential to his reputation;" a constant victim to gout and other disorders, yet for thirty years avoiding reference to them to his friends, or seeking advice.

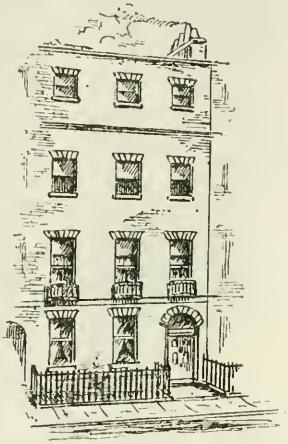
Gibbon died when on a visit to England at a house on the site of the present Conservative Club in St. James's Street. (Born 1737. Died 1794.)

Passing westwards to the north side of Manchester Square, we reach

SPANISH PLACE.

85 / B2 **No. 3** was the only house in London of which the author who has done more than any other to promote a

love of the sea in British youth, **Frederick Marryat,** had the entire occupancy in London. He lived elsewhere in lodgings only. This was in 1842, and he lived here a little over a year only. "It was here," writes Mrs. Ross Church, his daughter, in the *Life and Letters*, "in the tiniest of houses, furnished according to his own taste, a very gem in its adornment . . . . he received the visitors who made the little rooms brilliant with their conversation and their wit." From the same source we learn that "his handwriting was so minute, that the compositor having given up the task of deciphering it in despair, the copyist had to stick a pin in at the place where he left off, to ensure his finding it again when he resumed his task." Mr. S. C. Hall (*Memories*) describes Marryat as "a short, stout, thick-set man, who walked and looked and spoke as if he were at home only on the quarter-deck." (Born 1792. Died 1848.) The house is unchanged, save in respect of being newly "pointed."



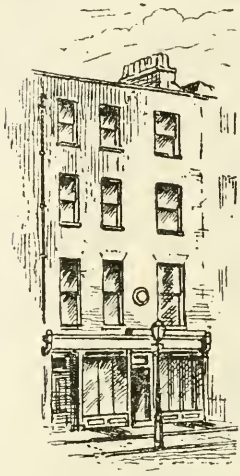
3 Spanish Place.

On the opposite side of George Street, from Spanish Place, lies Manchester Street, and the first turning to the left in that street is

BLANDFORD STREET,

where, at **No. 2,** marked with a memorial tablet, stands a house associated in a most interesting way with the

youth of **Michael Faraday**. The shop is a bookseller's, and was so in 1804, a Mr. George Riebau being the proprietor. Young Faraday was errand-boy, and his function was to take round the newspapers to those who hired them to read. A year later he secured an apprenticeship by his faithful service, and worked as a bookbinder. Having an Encyclopædia to bind, he became so interested in an article on "Electricity," that he at once devoted all his spare time to the study of science. In a letter to Dr. Paris, given in Paris's *Life of Sir Humphry Davy*, he writes:



2 Blandford Street.

> My desire to escape from trade, which I thought vicious and selfish, and to enter into the service of science, which I imagined made its pursuers amiable and liberal, induced me at last to take the bold and simple step of writing to Sir Humphry Davy, explaining my wishes, and hope that if an opportunity came in his way he would forward my views. . . . . Finally, through his efforts, I went to the Royal Institution, early in March of 1813, as assistant in the laboratory, and in the same year went with him abroad.

(Born 1791. Died 1867.)

GEORGE STREET.

87 B 2 At **No. 85**, on the south side, near Montagu Square, lodged, on his first coming to London at twenty years of age, to be entered as a student at the Middle Temple, **Thomas Moore**. The house was then numbered 44, which, by an error, has been identified by Mr. Laurence Hutton (*Literary Landmarks*) with 106, which happens

to be directly opposite. Horwood's Plan of London for 1799 and the parish records both make 44 identical with the present 85. In Moore's *Memoirs* we read:

85 George Street.

The lodgings taken for me by my friends the Mastermans, was a front room up two pairs of stairs at No. 44 George Street, Portman Square, for which I paid six shillings per week. That neighbourhood was the chief resort of those poor French emigrants who were then swarming into London, and in the back room of my floor was an old *curé*, the head of whose bed was placed *tête-à-tête* with mine, so that (the partition being very thin) not a snore of his escaped me. . . . . A poor emigrant bishop occupied the floor below me, and as he had many callers and no servant, his resource, in order to save trouble, was having a square board hung up in the hall, on one side of which was written "The Bishop's at home," and on the other, "The Bishop's gone out," so that callers had but to look up at this placard to know their fate.

On April 5, 1799, he writes to his mother:

They have my breakfast laid as snug as possible every morning, and I dine at the *traiteur's* like a prince for eightpence or ninepence. The other day I had soup, bouilli, rice-pudding, and porter for ninepence halfpenny. If that be not cheap the deuce is in it.

(See MOORE, page 29.) (Born 1779. Died 1852.)

MONTAGU SQUARE.

One morning, towards the close of the year 1882, an irate elderly gentleman might have been seen on the doorstep of **No. 39**, protesting against the disturbance of his literary labours by some street musicians. Obstinacy or impertinence on their part probably

88
B 2

increased his excitement, which, a few days later, had fatal results. The victim of these peripatetic pests of the studious was the genial novelist who has delighted so many, **Anthony Trollope,** of whom Mr. Frith (*Reminiscences*) writes :

> It would be impossible to imagine anything less like his works than the author of them. The books full of gentleness, grace, and refinement ; the writer of them bluff, loud, stormy, and contentious; neither a brilliant talker nor a good speaker, but a kinder-hearted man and a truer friend never lived.

Trollope was the most methodical of writers, getting through a certain allowance of work, measured *by words*, each day, whether at home or travelling (in the latter case employing a special form of case or tablet for use in railway trains), and rising at five or six o'clock. "It was my practice at Waltham Cross," he writes (*Autobiography*), to be at my table every morning at 5.30, and an old groom, whose business it was to call me, received five pounds a year extra for this duty." He also was an enthusiast at hunting, and always kept several horses for that purpose. Even after his final settlement in London, on his return from his voyage to Australia three years before his death, at the age of sixty-four, we are told, "Three times a week the cab was at my door very punctually, and not unfrequently before seven in the morning. In order to secure this attendance the man has always been invited to have his breakfast in the hall." (Born 1815. Died 1882.)

39 Montagu Square.

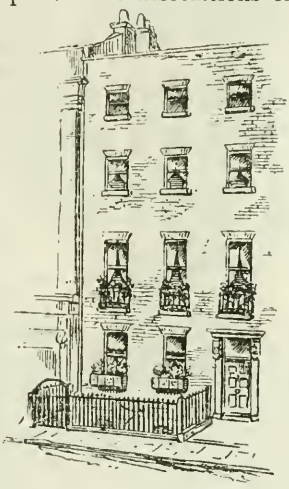
PORTMAN SQUARE.

Montague House, a large detached house at the north-west corner of the square, was once the residence of **Mrs. Elizabeth Montague.** Here the wit, rank, and talent of the last century assembled at her receptions; and here was the apartment covered with feather hangings celebrated by Cowper in the lines, 89 B 2

> The birds put off their every hue
> To dress a room for Montague.

In the garden of the house, then very large, she once a year feasted the chimney-sweepers. The associations of the famous "Blue-stocking Club" belong to her former residence in Hill Street rather than to Montague House. (Born 1728. Died 1800.)

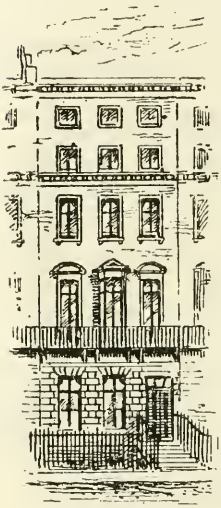
SEYMOUR STREET.



18 Seymour Street.

At **No. 18** (formerly 10 Upper Seymour Street), **Thomas Campbell** lived from 1822 to 1828. *The Last Man* was written here. The death of his wife, "a bonny little Scotchwoman with a great deal of natural vivacity," led to the giving up alike of his residence here and the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine.* From Cyrus Redding's *Recollections* we learn that "his life was strictly domestic, but his habits late, alike both for rising in the morning and for work at night, when his labours 90 B 2

were frequently prolonged into the small hours." (See CAMPBELL, page 28.) Carlyle's description of Campbell, though severe, is borne out by other writers: "There is a smirk on his face which would befit a shopman or an auctioneer. His very eye has the cold vivacity of the worldling. The blue frock and trousers, the eyeglass, the wig, the very fashion of his bow, proclaims the literary dandy" (Froude's *Carlyle*). "Campbell had small features," writes Barry Cornwall (*Recollections*), "and wore a wig, which on one occasion he tore off, and said to Leigh Hunt, who jested with him, 'By Gad! you villain, I'll throw my laurels at you!'" Chorley (*Autobiography*) writes of him, in 1837, as "a little man with a shrewd eye and a sort of pedagoguish, parboiled voice." (Born 1777. Died 1844.)



5 Hyde Park Place.

We turn down Great Cumberland Street towards the Marble Arch, nearly opposite to which is

HYDE PARK PLACE.

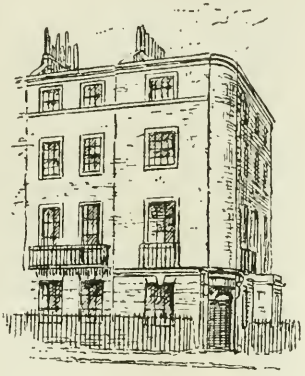
91
C2

No. 5 was the last residence in London of **Charles Dickens** (who rented it from Mr. Milner Gibson) during the delivery of his readings at St. James's Hall. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (never to be completed) was partly written here. "I have a large room here," he wrote, "with three fine windows overlooking the park, unsurpassable for airiness and cheerfulness." A few months later he died suddenly at Gadshill, his house near Rochester. (See pages 19, 20, 90, 114.) (Born 1812. Died 1870.)

EDGWARE ROAD.

At the corner of Burwood Place, on the west side, numbered **12** (formerly 4) Burwood Place, is the house memorable as the scene of the tragic death of **Benjamin Robert Haydon**, the power and originality of whose genius was accompanied by an unfortunate and unconciliatory temper, and who lived in a chronic condition of debt and difficulty. Here, on one sad morning in June 1846, at the age of sixty, he perished by his own hand in front of the last of a series of colossal historical pictures, which all of the most eminent in art, literature, and society came to see and admire; but which were most unfruitful of pecuniary recompense. His pathetic reference to the hundred and thirty-three persons who attended in one week at an exhibition of two of these works, compared with the hundred and twenty thousand who crowded to see Tom Thumb in the same building, will be in the memory of readers of his Diary (see *Life*, by Tom Taylor) as recorded but a few weeks before his death; (the impassioned verbal comment of the artist to the same effect, and the *broken* aspect of the speaker are unfading memories of the youth of the present writer); and, not less, the last entry on that fatal morning, "God, forgive me." His painting-room was on the first floor with the window facing the street. The entrance at the corner is an alteration of recent years. (See HAYDON, page 10.) (Born 1786. Died 1846.)

92
B1



Burwood Place.

Passing, by Queen Street, in a line with Burwood Place on the opposite side of the Edgware Road, into Seymour Place, and thence northward into Upper Dorset Place, we find a continuation of the last-named street to consist of a very few houses, under the name of

BRYANSTON PLACE.

93 B1 At **No. 3,** from 1826 to 1838, in the early part of his scientific career, lived **Sir Roderick Impey Murchison,** memorable, to quote a writer in *Celebrities of the Century,* as having "added a new chapter to geological history, a chapter which contains the story of almost the earliest appearance of living things upon the earth." In a note on the time he was residing here, given in his *Life* by A. Geikie, Murchison says, "Though I had but a small establishment, I saw very agreeable society, for, independent of my scientific friends, I was visited by men in public life, as well as by the lovers of science, letters, and the arts." Hallam, Lockhart, Chantrey, Bulwer, and Sydney Smith were among his guests. (Born 1792. Died 1871.)

We now pass by the north of Bryanston and Montagu Squares to Baker Street, the upper part of which is called

YORK PLACE.

94 B2 **No. 14** was the residence, 1802–1806, of **William Pitt.** He removed here after his retirement from the Premiership. Lord Stanhope (*Life of Pitt*) says:

> Just then he had acquired a new residence in London. His term of the house in Park Place having ended, he had taken another as small, No. 14 York Place, Portman Square. . . . . Accustomed as Pitt was to Downing Street and Whitehall, he must have felt some economy indeed, but considerable inconvenience, in a situation so far removed from the House of Commons.

"So great was the space which Mr. Pitt continued to

fill in the public eye," says the same writer, "that even while out of office such communications as might have been, we should imagine, more naturally addressed to his successor," were received by him. Among these was one from the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, who writes from Twickenham, "Upon a false report that you were in town I called this morning at your house in York Place, to request an interview with you." Pitt's niece, **Lady Hester Stanhope,** then twenty-three years of age, afterwards to become a noteworthy personage as "the recluse of Mount Lebanon," came to live with him here in 1803, and we are told "he came to regard her with almost a father's affection." He is described in his later years by Cyrus Redding (*Recollections*) as having "a countenance forbidding and arrogant," as "repellent of affection, and not made to be loved, full of disdain, of self-will, and, as a whole, destitute of massiveness; his forehead alone was good." Pitt again became First Lord of the Treasury in 1804, but his health was gone. Political anxieties combined with hereditary gout to depress him mentally and physically. He resorted to the "immoderate use of wine, of which, previously to an important debate, he would often swallow several bottles. . . . . Wine at length ceased to afford him the necessary excitement, and he had recourse to laudanum, of which, as an eminent physician has assured us, he sometimes took above two hundred drops at a dose" (*The Georgian Era*, article "Pitt"). (Born 1759. Died 1806.)

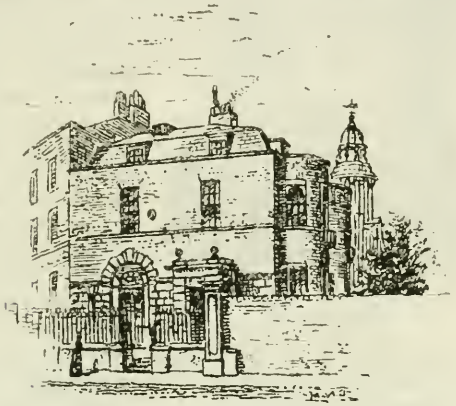
14 York Place.

MARYLEBONE ROAD.

95 — B 2 **No. 77**, on the south side, between Baker Street and Gloucester Place, was, in the early part of the century, known as York Buildings, and in 1857 as part of the New Road. Here, at the then No. 8, resided, 1817–1819, **Leigh Hunt**, subsequent to his imprisonment in Horsemonger Lane Gaol. Barry Cornwall, who visited Hunt here in 1817, says: "His house was small and scantily furnished. In it was a tiny room, built out at the back of the drawing-room or first floor, which he appropriated as a study, and over the door of this room a line from *The Faery Queen*, of Spenser, painted in gold letters. Here he wrote his articles for the *Examiner* and *Indicator*." "Hunt," says the same writer, "was a little above the middle size, thin and lithe. His countenance was very genial and pleasant. His hair was black, his eyes very dark, but he was short-sighted, and therefore perhaps it was that they had nothing of that fierce glance which black eyes so frequently possess. His mouth was expressive, but protruding." (See pages 144, 149.) (Born 1784. Died 1859.)

96 — A 2 Returning eastward along the Marylebone Road we come, at the corner of High Street, to **No. 1 Devonshire Terrace**, a double-bow-fronted house with a garden enclosed by a high wall. Here **Charles Dickens** lived, from 1840, on his removal from Doughty Street, to 1850. At this house—and at Broadstairs, where he rented, for several seasons, the house which gave a name to one of his novels, *Bleak House*—*The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, the Christmas Books, and *American Notes* were written. We may imagine Thomas Hood calling here to congratulate him on the success of the last-named work; Maclise manipulating *tableaux non-vivants* out of sofa covers, old white kid gloves, and Mrs. Dickens's bonnet feathers (see *Temple*

Bar for April 1888); and how many others, eminent in art and literature, have crossed the threshold! Thence Dickens would start on a tramp to Jack Straw's Castle, at Hampstead, in company with Maclise and Forster, there to read to them the forthcoming number of *Dombey* or *David Copperfield;* and here his pet raven—a poor pun



1 Devonshire Terrace.

on his partiality for which once actually gave rise to a rumour that "Dickens had gone raving (raven) mad"—hopped about the garden or chattered stable slang on the sill of his study window. Longfellow stayed here with Dickens. He writes, October 16, 1841: "I write this from Dickens's study, the focus from which so many luminous things have radiated. The raven croaks in the garden, and the ceaseless roar of London fills my ears. . . . . Mr. Rogers has just been here sitting half an hour with me" (Kennedy's *Biography of Longfellow*). The study was the room adjoining the projecting entrance, which was added in 1851. Dickens removed from here to Tavistock Square. (See DICKENS, pages 19, 20, 90, 110.) (Born 1812. Died 1870.)

A little to the westward, opposite Marylebone Church (no longer presenting the same interior aspect as when
96 Nollekens was married there, or when Hogarth depicted it in his *Marriage à la Mode*) is York Gate, and at **No. 1,** the right-hand corner, the tragedian, **William Charles Macready,** lived during his unprofitable management of Drury Lane Theatre (though far from unprofitable in the gain to public morality by the purification which he initiated "in front of the house"), in which he was reported to have lost in four years £10,000. He was here from 1839 to 1843. By an entry in his diary (*Reminiscences*) we are informed that on January 1, 1840, "Dear Dickens called to shake hands with me. My heart was quite full; it is much for me to lose the presence of a friend who really loves me." (Dickens was leaving for America.) "In person," writes Mr. Molloy (*Life of Edmund Kean*), "Macready was not attractive. A newspaper of the time called him the plainest and most awkwardly made man that ever trod the stage, and when Charles Kemble predicted his rise to his brother John, John, who owed his success greatly to his personal advantages, replied, "Oh, Charles, with that face!" (Born 1793. Died 1873.)

A 2

1 York Gate.

Continuing westward, along the Marylebone Road, we reach

UPPER BAKER STREET.

No. 27, bearing a memorial tablet, is the last house on the right-hand side, and from 1817, after her retirement from the stage until her death, which took place here, was the home of **Sarah Ann Siddons**; who secured, through the intercession of the Prince Regent, an uninterrupted view from her windows when the park was laid 97 A 2

27 Upper Baker Street.

out. Campbell says "she built the additional rooms for her modelling." In 1815 she had written: "I cannot do anything but puddle with my clay. I have begun a full-length figure of Cecilia." Let us visit the actress, now advanced in years, in company with Haydon, the painter; the date being March 10, 1821, and his purpose being to hear her read *Macbeth*. He writes (*Autobiography*):

It is extraordinary the awe this wonderful woman inspires. After her first reading the men retired to tea. While we were all eating toast, and tingling cups and saucers, she began again . . . . all noise ceased. We slunk to our seats like boors, two or three of the most distinguished men of the day, with the very toast in their mouths, afraid to bite. It was curious to see Lawrence in this predicament, to hear him bite by degrees, and then stop for fear of making too much crackle, his eyes full of water from the constraint, and at the same time to hear Mrs. Siddons, "eye of newt, and toe of frog," and then to see Lawrence give a sly bite, and then look awed, and pretend to be listening. I went away highly gratified, and as I stood on the landing-place to get cool, I overheard my own servant in the hall say, "What, is that the old lady making such a noise?" "Yes." "Why, she makes as much noise as ever." "Yes," was the answer, "she tunes her pipes as well as ever she did."

Washington Irving was among Mrs. Siddons's visitors, and refers to having "heard her read *Constance* at her house one evening." Fanny Burney describes Mrs. Siddons as "in face and person truly noble and commanding, in manner quiet and stiff, in voice deep and dragging, in conversation formal, sententious, calm and dry." "She was a grand artist," writes Mr. Barton Baker (*Our Old Actors*), "but a very disagreeable woman." Instances of haughtiness and insolence are not wanting, and she possessed in a high degree the failings of the Kembles generally—avarice, and the lack of charitableness which is its natural product. She received £50 a night, and died worth £35,000. (See SIDDONS, pages 10, 129.) (Born 1755. Died 1831.)

Entering the park, we reach, on the left, in the rear of Clarence Terrace,

SUSSEX PLACE.

98 A 2 **No. 24** was in 1820 the residence of **John Gibson Lockhart** (born 1794; died 1854), the biographer of Scott; and here, on what was then the very verge of the metropolis, **Sir Walter Scott** was accustomed to stay with his daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, on his visits to London "After he had completed this tale" (*Quentin Durward*)

writes Mr. Gilfillan (*Life of Scott*), "he set out for London, in or near which was his eldest son, his second son, Lockhart, and Mrs. Lockhart and his family, and where he spent six weeks, on the whole, very pleasantly. . . . . He sat to poor Haydon, and also to Northcote, who reminded him of 'an animated mummy'" (see NORTHCOTE, page 77), "dined and remained all night at Holland House, visited the Duchess of Kent, and was presented to the little Princess 'Victoria,' who, being then nine, must still have some faint recollection of the tall, lame, white-haired baronet." Barry Cornwall describes Scott as "tall, bluff, but courteous, and rather lame. I was at once struck by his bonhomie and simplicity of manner." (Born 1771. Died 1832.)

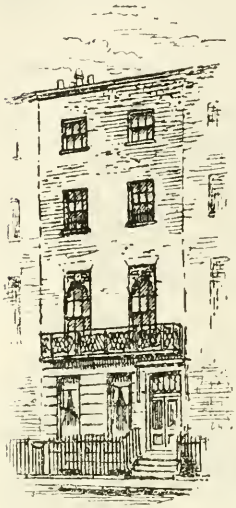
24 Sussex Place.

Returning out of the park at Clarence Gate, our final destination on the present excursion—reached by traversing New Street and the south side of Dorset Square—is Blandford Square.

[*The St. John's Wood section of the Suburban Excursions can be taken up at this point—see page* 130.]

BLANDFORD SQUARE.

No. 16 is noteworthy as the residence, 1860–1865, of George Eliot, the name by which Miss Marian 99 A1



16 Blandford Square.

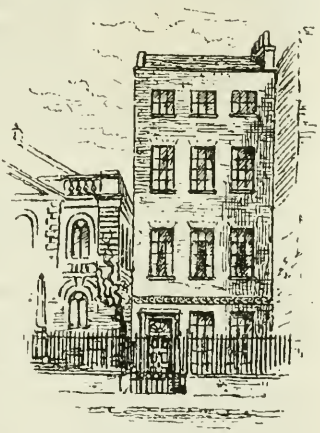
Evans became known as the author of *Adam Bede* and *Silas Marner*. She lived here, in intimate association with Mr. George Edward Lewes, removing in 1865 to North Bank, St. John's Wood. *Romola* and *Felix Holt* were written here. Mr. T. A. Trollope (*What I Remember*) quotes the following from one of her letters, dated in 1861: "We make rather a feeble attempt at musical Saturday evenings, having a new grand piano, which stimulates musical desires. . . . . We are going now to the British Museum to read—a fearful way of getting knowledge. If I had Aladdin's lamp I should certainly use it to get books served up to me at a moment's notice." (See ELIOT, pages 131, 152.) (Born 1819. Died 1880.)

SUBURBAN.

AND COMPRISING LOCALITIES BEYOND THE LIMITS OF THE NUMBERED PLAN.

CITY ROAD.

At **No. 47**, at the "City" end, died, in 1791, the eminent divine, **John Wesley**. The house, "Wesley House," stands to the right of the chapel of which he had laid the foundation-stone fourteen years before. Southey, in his *Life* of Wesley, tells how the funeral was performed between five and six o'clock in the morning for fear of accidents, the crowds who had flocked to see the body lying in a kind of state in the chapel (dressed in gown, cassock, and band, a Bible in one hand and a handkerchief in the other) being so great. Six poor men received a pound each for carrying the coffin into the chapel, in accordance with the dead man's wishes. "Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen," he had said; and further, "I particularly desire that there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except



47 City Road.

the tears of those that love me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom." (Born 1703. Died 1791.)

The distance is a mile on the City Road to

COLEBROOK ROW, ISLINGTON;

and a quarter of a mile further to its northern extremity, facing which and the last house, **No. 19**, in Camden Terrace, stands—shorn of a third of its former width—the cottage occupied in 1823 by **Charles Lamb**, on his emancipation from the drudgery of his situation as clerk in the India House. In a letter to Bernard Barton he writes :

> I have a cottage in Colebrook (properly Colnbrook) Row, Islington ; a cottage, for it is detached ; a white house, with six good rooms ; the New River (rather elderly by this time) runs (if a moderate walking-pace can be so termed) close to the foot of the house ; and behind is a spacious garden with vines (I assure you), pears, strawberries, parsnips, leeks, carrots, to delight the heart of old Alcinous. You enter, without passage, into a cheerful dining-room, all studded over and rough, with old books ; and above is a lightsome drawing-room, three windows full of choice prints. I feel like a great lord, never having had a house before. (Talfourd's *Life of Lamb.*)

Percy Fitzgerald, in a note to Talfourd's work, quotes an account of how Theodore Hook (see HOOK, page 25) came to Islington to take a last look at the old "Queen's Head" before it was pulled down, and how he accompanied Lamb afterwards to Colebrook Cottage. "During the evening Lamb, lightsome and lissom, proposed a race round the garden ; but Hook . . . . pursy and puffy . . . . whose gait was like the hobbling of a fat goose in attempting to fly, declined the contest, remarking that he could outrun nobody but the constable." The New River is now concealed from view at this point, and we can no longer realize the appearance of the spot where purblind George Dyer, "instead of keeping the path that leads to the gate, deliberately, staff in hand, in broad open day," walked into it—an incident which supplied the subject of one of the last *Essays of Elia*. Southey

stayed here on a visit to Lamb. Lamb removed, with his sister, to Enfield in 1829, and afterwards to Edmonton, where he died from erysipelas supervening on a slight injury to his face, the effect of a fall. In later years a well was sunk and a soda-water manufactory started in Lamb's garden. A view of the house from the river bank is printed in Howitt's *Northern Heights of London*. (See LAMB, page 11.) (Born 1775. Died 1834.)

An unattractive walk of a mile by St. Pancras Road, or, preferably, the tramcar to Hampstead Road, takes us on the road to

HAMPSTEAD AND HIGHGATE.

No. 263 Hampstead Road (half a mile from Euston Road)—which we include in this section as being *en route*—is marked by a memorial tablet as the residence of **George Cruikshank,** whom Thackeray called "a fine rough diamond, who never made an enemy, and was beloved by his contemporaries of the successive generations through which he lived, who never used his wit dishonestly, and has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people." Cruikshank was a rigid total abstainer, and never let slip a chance of making a convert. He was also a man of considerable physical power and energy. Mr. Frith (*Reminiscences*) relates how, coming home one night very late from a temperance meeting, Cruikshank saw a man carrying a bundle disappear through a door leading into his garden.

263 Hampstead Road.

He was about to clamber over the wall into that of an adjoining house, when the artist caught him by the leg, and held him until a passing policeman took him in charge. On the way to the station Cruikshank, who never lost an opportunity of enforcing his temperance principles, lectured the burglar, saying, "Now, my friend, this is a sad position to find yourself in. It's the drink, my friend, the drink. Ah! I can smell it. Now, look at me. For the last twenty years I have taken nothing stronger than water!" The burglar looked up, and (under the mistaken impression that his captor must have weakened himself by his abstinence) replied, "I wish I had known that; I would have knocked your d—d old head off." (Born 1792. Died 1878.)

Economy of the physical forces—for Hampstead is distant and the road uphill—suggests a cab or omnibus from this point (if the latter, a "Hampstead" 'bus), for the mile and a quarter to

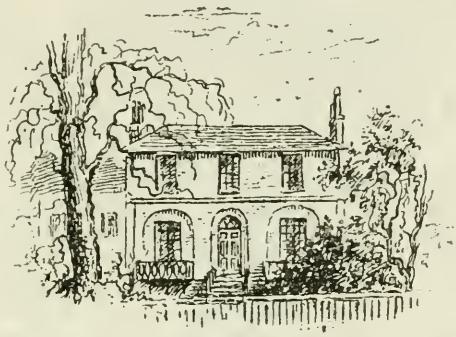
Eton Road, Haverstock Hill.—Eton Road turns off on the left at the foot of Haverstock Hill. **No. 6** was the residence for some years of **Thomas William Robertson,** the author of *Society*, *Caste*, *School*, &c., plays which made the fortune of the Bancroft management. Mrs. Bancroft, in her *Recollections*, writing of Robertson, says:

> I remember how he impressed me as being of a highly nervous temperament; he had a great habit of biting his nails, and caressing his beard, indeed, his hands were rarely still; he was at that time thirty-six, somewhat above the medium height, rather stoutly built; he had a pale skin and reddish beard, with small piercing red-brown eyes, which were ever restless." We are further told that he "made a point of having some one entirely removed from theatrical life in each part of the theatre on the first night of the production of his plays, whom he would see on the following day, and hold long conversations with, carefully comparing the impressions and remarks he drew from these different witnesses, generally, he said, with valuable results.

(Born 1829. Died 1871.)

Another mile of hill by 'bus or on foot, and we turn off on the right, by Downshire Hill, to

John Street, Hampstead.—Lawnbank is next to Wentworth House. This was the home of **John Keats.** Keats was the guest here of Mr. Charles Brown from



The Lawn, Hampstead.

Jan. 1818 until he left for Italy in 1820. Here he wrote the *Ode to a Nightingale*, *St. Agnes*, *Isabella*, *Hyperion*, and began the *Endymion.*

> John Keats, who was killed off by one critique,
> Just as he really promised something great;

wrote Byron. W. M. Rossetti (*Memoir* of Keats), however, considers that his disease was accelerated rather by the failure of his matrimonial hopes.

He had neither money, nor the expectation of making money, nor a professional position of any kind, ... and his prospects were naturally considered not altogether "eligible." This made him unhappy enough; increasing ill-health darkened around him; and with rage eating at his heart, the unhappy poet divined that he should be dead ere health and fortune would combine to fix the golden moment, and to yield his mistress to his arms. The fatal crisis, and the visibly fatal symptoms delayed; but, years before the end, Coleridge, shaking hands with

Keats, had whispered to Leigh Hunt, "There is death in that hand!"

(Born 1795. Died 1821.)

Skirting the Heath to the left at the end of John Street, we reach

Well Walk, and note at the corner the iron garden-seat which has replaced "Keats's Bench," the poet's favourite resting-place. **No. 40, John Constable,** writing in 1827, describes as "our comfortable little house in Well Walk, Hampstead. . . . . This house is to my wife's heart's content. It is situated on an eminence, ... and our little drawing-room commands a view unsurpassed in Europe, from Westminster Abbey to Gravesend" (Leslie's *Life of Constable*). The present is, the writer believes, the first exact identification of Constable's house, and a prolonged search through the rate-books was needed to identify the existing No. 40 with the No. 26 of 1885, the No. 6 of 1867, and the house with no number at all of Constable's time. His name, however, does not appear on the rate-books until 1831. Constable retained the house as an occasional residence from the time of his wife's death until his own, and his grave may be seen in Hampstead Churchyard. (See CONSTABLE, pages 83, 128.) (Born 1776. Died 1837.)

Gayton Road, at the end of Well Walk, leads to

High Street, Hampstead.—Stanfield House, now a public library, was the residence, at the time of his death, of **Clarkson Stanfield,** whose skill and success as an artist for the stage placed him above all competitors, and who was a contributor for thirty consecutive years, with a single exception only, to the Royal Academy Exhibitions. "At an early age," it is stated in Walford's *Old and New London*, "he determined to be a sailor, and, curiously enough, joined the same ship in which Douglas Jerrold was serving as midshipman; it is told that, having got up a play, Stanfield painted the scenery while Jerrold acted as stage manager." (Born 1793. Died 1867.)

Stanfield House.

Bolton House, Windmill Hill.—This is the centre house of a row of three, facing the Hollybush Inn, and at the end of Holly Hill Street. **Joanna Baillie** lived here, with her sister Agnes, for nearly half a century, removing hither on the death of their mother in 1806. Here Rogers and Wordsworth were among their visitors. Joanna Baillie, Mr. H. Crabb Robinson informs us, was "small in figure, and her gait is mean and shuffling, but her manners are those of a well-bred lady. . . . . Wordsworth said of her with warmth, 'If I had to present to a foreigner any one as a model of an English gentlewoman, it would be Joanna Baillie.'" Cyrus Redding (*Recollections*) says "she always claimed to be called *Mrs.* Joanna Baillie." (Born 1762. Died 1851.) (See illustration next page.)

The Hollybush Inn was the residence and studio of **Romney,** and was built by him. The front only is altered. The studio, now occupied by the Constitutional

Club, may be seen in the rear. (See ROMNEY, page 97.)

Bolton House.

A short walk past the North London Hospital brings us to

Lower Terrace.—At **No. 2,** one of two small two-storey houses, **John Constable** lived in 1821. (See CONSTABLE, pages 83, 126.) On August 4 he writes to a friend: "I am as much here as possible with my family. My placid and contented companion and her three infants are well. I have got a room at a glazier's, where is my large picture, and at this little place I have my small works going on, for which purpose I have cleared a shed in the garden which held sand, coals, mops and brooms, and have made it a workshop" (Leslie's *Life of Constable*). (Born 1776. Died 1837.)

Upper Terrace.—At **Capo di Monte Cottage,** the last house in the row, and standing on the verge of the Heath, **Sarah Ann Siddons** spent the autumn of 1804, both herself and husband being at the time afflicted with rheumatism. The lady obtained temporary relief from electricity, but the application "extorted such shrieks from her that Mr. Siddons was afraid of the people from without bursting into the house under the idea that murder was going on" (Campbell's *Life of Mrs. Siddons*). At one of the few remaining old-fashioned shops in the High Street, a draper's, Mr. Evans, the proprietor, confidently asserts that the incident said by Campbell to have occurred at Bath took place, when, "after bargaining for some calico and hearing the mercer pour forth a hundred commendations of the cloth, she put the question to him, 'But will it wash?' in a manner so electrifying as to make the poor shopman start back from the counter." (See SIDDONS, pages 10, 117.) (Born 1755. Died 1831.)

It is a walk of something less than a mile to the "Spaniards" Inn, so called from some members of the suite of Gondomar having lived there for a time about 1620. On approaching the "Spaniards" we note

Erskine House, a small, unpretentious white building, with its end to the road. Here lived **Lord Erskine,** whom Lord Campbell calls "the greatest advocate of ancient or modern times:" as a judge he was a failure. He had a singular taste in pets; among which were a favourite goose, a favourite macaw, and two *leeches*, which, he asserted, had saved his life when he was dangerously ill. (Born 1750. Died 1823.)

The Grove, Highgate, is close to St. Michael's Church. At the third house from the top of Highgate Hill, lived, 1816 to 1834, **Samuel Taylor Coleridge,** in the house of his friend—and medical adviser—Mr. John Gilman, who has also written his *Life*. Lamb writes in 1806 (Talfourd's *Final Memorials*):

He is at present under the medical care of a Mr. Gilman (Killman ?) at Highgate, where he plays at leaving off laud—m. I think his essentials not touched; he is very bad, but then he picks up wonderfully another day, and his face, when he repeats his verses, has all its ancient glory; an archangel—a little damaged.

Mr. Hutton (*Literary Landmarks*) quotes from a private letter:

Mrs. Dutton, a charming old lady, greatly respected in Highgate, remembers Coleridge well. She used to sit on his knee and prattle to him, and she tells how he was followed about the Grove by groups of children, for the sake of the sweeties with which his pockets were always full.

As a humorous illustration of Coleridge's manner, we quote Mr. Patmore (*My Friends and Acquaintance*):

Lamb and Coleridge were talking together on the incidents of Coleridge's early life, ... and Coleridge was describing some of the facts in his *usual* tone, when he paused, and said, "Pray, Mr. Lamb, did you ever hear me preach?" "Damme," said Lamb, "I never heard you do anything else."

(See COLERIDGE, page 10.) (Born 1772. Died 1834.)

ST. JOHN'S WOOD

may be said to commence at the upper end of

Park Road, which extends from Upper Baker Street to St. John's Chapel. In this road, opposite the end of Alpha Road, stands **Abbey Lodge,** with its conservatories and pleasant sweep of lawn. Here, between 1843 and 1847, lived the Spanish patriot, **Joaquin Espartero,** when deprived, by the intrigues of his enemies, of the brief Regency to which the Cortes had elected him on the abdication of the Queen-Regent, Christina. Two troublous years as Prime Minister after his return and the restoration of his titles and honours, terminated in a retirement which he maintained until his death. A certain irresolution of temperament has been accounted for by physical incapacity for severe

exertion, but his honesty of purpose secured him general esteem and confidence. (Born 1793. Died 1879.)

North Bank.—No 21, **The Priory**, since enlarged, was the home, for several years, of **George Eliot**

The Priory, North Bank.

(**Marian Evans**) and Mr. G. H. Lewes, with whom she lived in defiance of the conventions; and though at first suffering social ostracism in consequence, at last duly lionized by the upper classes as her literary popularity increased. Her Sunday receptions here became very popular. Her habits and those of Lewes were very regular, the morning being devoted to work in their respective studies: Lewes' on the ground floor, the lady's above. A quiet drive or walk in the park filled up the afternoon. They have been described as "a strange-looking couple—she, with a certain sibylline air, he not unlike some unkempt Polish refugee of vivacious manners—swinging their arms as they hurried along at a pace as rapid as their talk" (Mathilde Blind's *George Eliot*).

In William Morgan's *George Eliot* we read:

> She is described as a woman of large, massive and homely features, which were softened and irradiated by a gracious and winning smile. The size, shape, and poise of her head were very noticeable. . . . . Her voice was rich and melodious, and those who knew her best speak of her as a strangely fascinating and

sympathetic woman, who left on every one who approached her an impression of goodness and greatness.

(See ELIOT, pages 119, 152.) (Born 1819. Died 1880.)

At the end of North Bank, Grove Road leads, on the right, to

St. John's Wood Road.—No. 18, formerly No. 1, near the Maida Hill end, was the residence, 1825 to 1873, of **Sir Edwin Landseer.** He removed here from his

18 St. John's Wood Road.

father's house in Foley Street (see LANDSEER, page 82) and here he died, nearly half a century later. Mr. F. G. Stephens (*Life of Landseer*) says:

It was for many years the centre of the kindly painter's *entourage*, where his friends were summoned by hasty messages, bidding them to pleasant parties, and it is the house which, of all others in London belonging to artists, has received the greatest number of distinguished visitors, always excepting that of Sir Joshua Reynolds in Leicester Square.

I venture to think, Mr. Frith (*Reminiscences*) writes, that the advantage was entirely on the side of "the great," whose scrap-books and albums were enriched by the gratuitous sketcher, and whose pockets were often replenished by the profits obtained from the sale of pictures for which absurdly low prices had been paid.

Mr. Frith also tells us that he was the most delightful story-teller and the most charming companion. He also sang delightfully.

Among the anecdotes which the same writer narrates is one of how the King of Portugal, being introduced at his own request to the great painter at a Court ball, complimented him in his imperfect way by saying, "Oh, Mr. Landseer, I am delighted to make your acquaintance; I am so fond of *beasts*." Landseer was never married. Miss Martineau (*Biographical Sketches*) tells us that Landseer

> went late to bed, and rose very late, coming down to breakfast at noon; but he had been *composing*, perhaps, for hours. . . . . His conception, once complete, nothing could exceed the rapidity of his execution. . . . . It was one of his points of complacency, and another was that he seldom altered his work. He was subject to long periods of nervous depression, each approximately caused by some mental shock. In one instance it was the murder of Lord William Russell. In other cases it was the death of intimate friends.

(Born 1802. Died 1873.)

Elm Tree Road.—No. 17, at the angle of the road on the south side, is among the most "memorable" houses, as the residence of **Thomas Hood**, 1841–1844, and the house in which *The Song of the Shirt* was written. He was then, as Dickens wrote of him (Preface to *The Old Curiosity Shop*), "going slowly down into his grave." He lived but a short time after his removal, early in 1844, to Finchley Road. The house in which he died no longer exists. Mr. S. C. Hall (*Memories*) describes Hood as "of middle height, slender and sickly-looking, of sallow complexion and pale features, quiet in expression, and very rarely excited so as to give an indication of either the pathos or the humour that must have been ever working in his soul." His sufferings were powerless to suppress his propensity to punning. Cyrus Redding (*Recollections*) quotes from his last letter to him, that he

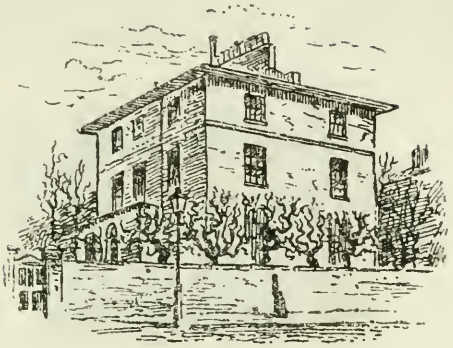
was "so much of an invalid that my walks are 'few and far between.' There never was such an in-keeper. Wherefore if you will favour me with a call any day, 364 to 1 I shall be at home." (Born 1799. Died 1845.)

17 Elm Tree Road.

Continuing along Elm Tree Road we reach

Circus Road.—**No. 58** is one of two semi-detached houses lying on the north side, between Elm Tree Road and Grove Road, and was formerly numbered 26. Here **Douglas Jerrold** lived in 1854–1856. "A short gentleman with wild grey hair peeping out from under his straw hat, a sharp, bright eye, and a lip with mocking corners to it; a man of the simplest habits, with the nature of childhood as fresh in him in his fiftieth year as when he first looked over the broad sea from a Sheerness garret" (*Life*, by Blanchard Jerrold). Such was he described when living at Putney, whence he removed to Circus Road, to make another and final change to

Kilburn Priory, where he died; and Dickens and Thackeray helped to bear the pall in the funeral procession. (Born 1803. Died 1857.)



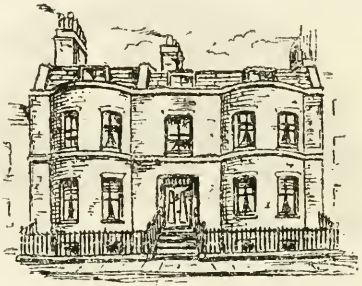
58 Circus Road.

KENSINGTON.

The train may be taken to "High Street Kensington" Station, on the Metropolitan Railway, or the "Hammersmith" omnibus from Charing Cross or Piccadilly. In the latter case Victoria Grove may be conveniently visited by getting down at Palace Gate, and omitted in the Brompton division (see page 145).

Young Street is at the east end of Kensington High Street. Almost the only house on the right-hand side of the street left by modern "improvements" is **No. 16**, a roomy, double-bow-fronted house, formerly No. 13. This was the residence from 1847 to 1853 of **William Makepeace Thackeray**. "Go down on your knees, you rogue, for here *Vanity Fair* was penned; and I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." So spake the novelist to Mr.

Fields (see *Yesterdays with Authors*), with whom he was making a pilgrimage to the "various houses where his books had been written." The first of the famous lectures at Willis's Rooms was delivered in 1851. Thackeray removed from here to Onslow Square (see pages 91, 137, 148). Anthony Trollope, in his *Memoir*



16 Young Street, Kensington.

of Thackeray, says that an Irish gentleman lodged opposite to Thackeray, who, considering the "Catherine Hayes" of the novelist an attempt to calumniate the Irish singer of that name, made known his intention to chastise the writer, and that Thackeray "immediately called upon him, and it was said the visit was pleasant to all parties." (Born 1811. Died 1863.)

Kensington Square is at the bottom of Young Street. At **No. 18,** on the south side, **John Stuart Mill** resided, with his mother and sister, in 1840. He is described at this time as walking daily to and from his duties at the India House. (Born 1808. Died 1873.)

Palace Green lies on the right of Kensington High Street, going westward, and faces the west boundary wall of Kensington Gardens. **No. 2,** the second house, standing in its own grounds, has undergone some alteration and addition since it was built and occupied by

William Makepeace Thackeray. He removed here from Onslow Square (see preceding notice and pages 97, 148), and the "tall, erect figure"—he was six feet two—has been described as "walking steadily into town

2 Palace Green, Kensington.

almost daily." The regular exercise thus obtained was his recipe for health; but it did not avail. His valet, on entering his room one morning as usual, found him dead in his bed, the cause of death being effusion of blood on the brain. He was only fifty-three years of age. "So young a man," wrote Charles Dickens (*Cornhill Magazine*, January 1864), "that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep, kissed him in his last." Mr. Herman Merivale (*Temple Bar*, June 1888), tells how he assisted at a house-warming here, the place being still unfurnished, except for the occasion, and how a play by the great novelist was performed "for this night only," and Thackeray insisted on heading the bill, "W. Empty House." "Humbly I tried to persuade the great man that the joke was unworthy of him, but he insisted that it was much wittier than anything in the play, and he would have it. W. M. T. were his initials—that is all. Dear old kindly child!" (Born 1811. Died 1863.)

Pitt Street may be reached from Church Street, or from Hornton Street, directly opposite to Kensington High Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway. At the east end is "a large old brick house, which stands in a curious, evading sort of way, as if it would fain escape notice, at the back of other houses on both sides of it," so described in Leigh Hunt's *Old Court Suburb*. Here, at "Bullingham House" (see board with inscription above the wall), **Sir Isaac Newton** spent the two last years of his life. In Maude's *Wensleydale* he is said to have 'died in lodgings in that agreeable part of Kensington called Orbell's (now Pitt's) Buildings.'" Newton's death was accelerated by the fatigue attendant on presiding at the Royal Society when eighty-five years of age. In a letter, quoted by Brewster, from a distinguished German divine named Crell, dated in 1727, we read, "I also conversed at different times with the illustrious Newton. . . . He read manuscript without spectacles, and without bringing it near his eyes. He still reasoned acutely as he was wont to do, and told me that his memory only had failed him" (*Life*, by Sir David Brewster). (See NEWTON, page 3.) (Born 1642. Died 1727.)

Campden Hill is on the right of the main road, and the last house but one in the lane which winds off on the left at the top of Campden Hill, is **Holly Lodge**, standing behind a high wall and solid gates, which, however, are not unfrequently open. This house, which bears a memorial tablet, was the last home of **Lord Macaulay**. He occupied it only three years, having removed hither from chambers in the Albany.

Though he delighted in society, in which he shone as the wittiest of the witty, yet he always liked rural scenes and flowers and forests; and so here he made himself happy with his garden and a few choice friends. Here he loved to entertain his youthful nephews and nieces, of whose companionship he never tired. (Walford's *Londoniana*.)

He died in the library here from an affection of the

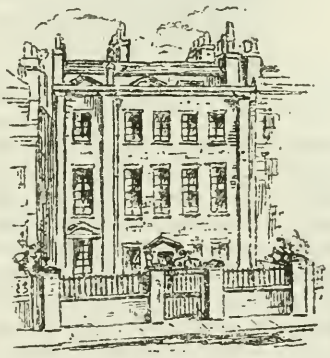
heart. Mr. Hutton (*Literary Landmarks*) quotes from a private note from Dr. Joyce, his physician:

" His servant, who had left him feeling rather better, found, on

Holly Lodge, Campden Hill.

his return, his master fainting in his chair. I was quickly sent for, got him removed to his couch, where he expired in a few moments. None of his family were with him." Dr. Joyce says further, "As far as my memory serves me, he was reading Thackeray's *Adventures of Philip*, in the *Cornhill Magazine*."

(See MACAULAY, pages 39, 56.) (Born 1800. Died 1859.)



6 The Terrace, Kensington.

The Terrace forms part of the main road just past Campden Hill. At **No. 6**, a large old-fashioned house with a forecourt, **John Leech** spent the last four or five years of a laborious life, and died, the victim of overwork and an organization morbidly sensitive to the small

worries of town life, of spasm of the heart, at the age of forty-seven. (See LEECH, page 92.) (Born 1817. Died 1864.)

Lower Phillimore Place is on the right-hand side of Kensington Road, farther westward. At **No. 24**, from 1814 to 1824, lived **David Wilkie**. He afterwards removed to Shaftesbury House, 7 The Terrace, since rebuilt. *The Chelsea Pensioners*, *The Reading of the Will*, *The Rent Day*, and *Blind Man's Buff* were painted at Phillimore Place. Writing to his sister, who afterwards, with his mother, came here to reside with him, he says: "I dine, as formerly, at two o'clock, paint two hours in the forenoon and two in the afternoon, and take a short walk in the park or through the fields twice a day." He received his title in 1836. The death of his mother and other domestic calamities so preyed upon his spirits that his health became seriously affected, and a prolonged visit to the East was undertaken as a restorative. He died, however, at sea on his return; and permission being refused to put the body ashore at Gibraltar, it was committed to the deep, an event commemorated in one of Turner's most striking pictures. (See WILKIE, page 85.) (Born 1785. Died 1841.)

24 Lower Phillimore Place.

Holland House, standing in its own grounds far back on the right of the main road, abounds with interest. First, as the residence of **Joseph Addison** from the

date of his marriage to the Countess of Warwick in 1676, and the scene of his death three years later. From Moore's *Diary* we learn that it was a tradition of the house that he used, "when composing, to walk up and down the long gallery" (or library) "with a bottle of wine at each end of it, which he finished during the operation." Matrimony did not add to his happiness, and Addison was much from home in those days, and a frequent visitor to the White Horse Inn in the vicinity

Holland House.

(long since abolished) and to Don Saltero's Coffee House at Chelsea; though Walpole's assertion that drinking was the cause of his death as much lacks confirmation as Johnson's account of his dying words to his stepson, Lord Warwick: "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die." "From any minute knowledge of his familiar manners," writes Johnson (*Lives of the Poets*), "the intervention of sixty years has now debarred us. . . . . Chesterfield affirms that Addison was the most timorous and awkward man he ever saw; and Addison, speaking of his own deficiencies in conversation, used to say of himself that with respect to intellectual wealth, 'he could draw bills for a thousand pounds though he had not a penny in his pocket.'" (Born 1672. Died 1719.)

Holland House passed, by purchase (at the end of the

reign of George II.), from the Warwick family to Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland of the new creation, who eloped with the Duke of Richmond's daughter on the evening of the day on which she was to be introduced to the lover intended for her by her parents; this she avoided by resorting to the expedient of disfiguring herself by cutting off her eyebrows! His son, who spent his boyhood here, was **Charles James Fox**, in whom the indulgent parent, at the age of fourteen, excited a love of gambling by allowing him five guineas a night to stake at the Continental gaming tables, and had a wall rebuilt in the grounds for the purpose of blowing it up again with gunpowder, because the child had been disappointed of seeing the first explosion as promised—as he explained, that the precept, never to break a promise to a child, might be fulfilled to the letter. "It was here that Fox came when his health was shattered and disease was hourly increasing on his frame" (Mrs. Thomson, *Literary Characters*). Talfourd gives a picture of an evening here in the early part of the century (*Life of Lamb*; see LAMB, page 11):

> You are seated in an oblong room, rich in old gilding, opposite a deep recess pierced by large old windows, through which the rich branches of trees, bathed in golden light, just admit the faint outline of the Surrey hills. . . . . As the dinner merges into the dessert . . . . the choicest wines are enhanced in their liberal but temperate use by the vista opened in Lord Holland's tales of evenings at Brookes's with Fox and Sheridan. . . . . At length the serener pleasure of the now carelessly scattered groups is enjoyed in that old long unrivalled library, in which Addison mused and wrote and drank; where every living grace attends, "and more than echoes talk along the walls." One happy peculiarity of these assemblies was the number of persons in different stations and of various celebrity who were gratified by seeing, still more in hearing and knowing each other.

Scott dined and remained the night here on one of his visits to London (see page 119).

Earl's Terrace is opposite the grounds of Holland House in the Kensington Road, lying back from the

road past the first approach to Edwardes Square. **No. 4** is "memorable" as one of several London houses in which lived, in 1812, as a "boarder," **Elizabeth Inchbald**. This was many years subsequent to the publication of *The Simple Story*. Her means were never abundant, and her lodgings were sometimes more remarkable for the elevation of their position than the comfort or taste of their equipment. "She supported several relatives out of the proceeds of her works," says Leigh Hunt (*A Saunter through the West End*), "and would sit without fire in winter till she cried with cold, purely in order to enable her to do it, though the savings would have kept her in luxury." Hunt quotes a memorandum of hers, illustrating another phase of her character: "On the 29th June (Sunday) dined, drank tea, and supped with Mr. Whitfield. At dark, she and I and her son William walked out, and I rapped at doors in New Street and King Street, and ran away." "This was in the year 1788," says Hunt, "when she was five-and-thirty. But such people never grow old. . . . . Divine Elizabeth Inchbald, qualified to be the companion of every moment of human life, grave or gay, from a rap at a street-door in a fit of mirth to the deepest phases of sympathy." She died at Kensington House, now removed, and it is said—at sixty-eight years of age—of tight-lacing! Between thirty and forty she had described herself as

4 Earl's Terrace.

above the middle size . . . . handsome and striking . . . . but a little too stiff and erect. . . . . Skin, by nature, fair, though a little freckled. Bosom—none, or so diminutive that it is like a needle in a bottle of hay. . . . . Face beautiful in effect, and beautiful in every feature. . . . . Dress, always becoming, and seldom worth so much as eightpence (*Memoirs*).

(Born 1753. Died 1821.)

Edwardes Square.—The westward approach to the square from Kensington Road—it is not possible to go "round" it—leads to **No. 32,** where resided, for eleven years, **Leigh Hunt.** "A period of great industry," writes Thornton Hunt (*Life*), "and, upon the whole, of much more success than he had enjoyed for a long time." Hunt writes to Mr. Allingham, October 1850:

Our square, with its pretty houses and rustic enclosure [left, Thornton Hunt describes it, "with its natural undulations, very slight, but sufficient to diminish the formal look"] its ivy-covered backs of houses on one side, and gardens and backs of houses on the other, was a curiosity which, when I first saw it, I could not account for on English principles, uniting as it did something decent, pleasant, and cheap, with such anti-*comme il faut* anomalies—such aristocratic size and verdure in the ground plot, with so plebeian a smallness in the tenements. But it seems a Frenchman invented it.

Elsewhere we learn that the square was designed by the speculative Frenchman to receive the officers of Napoleon's victorious army!

Hunt wrote *The Old Court Suburb* here. Mr. S. C. Hall (*Retrospect*) describes him at this time as "tall and upright still, his hair white and straggling, scattered over a brow of manly intelligence, his eyes retaining much of their old brilliancy, combined with gentleness." (See HUNT, pages 114, 149.) (Born 1784. Died 1859.)

BROMPTON.

The most convenient point of departure is "Gloucester Road"—or, if Victoria Grove has been taken in the Kensington route, "South Kensington"—Station. We

include in this section Gloucester Road itself, though part of Kensington. Turning to the left on leaving Gloucester Road Station and going north, a narrow street of small houses will be found turning off at a slight angle on the left hand. This is

Victoria Grove.—No. 8 was, in 1881, the residence of **Charles George Gordon**. In a private letter Miss Gordon writes from Southampton: "My brother, General Gordon, never resided in London, he always considered this house as his home. He used occasionally to go to London for very short periods, and when there he was in lodgings. He was twice in Cecil Street, once in Beaufort Street, Chelsea, and once at 8 Victoria Grove, Gloucester Road. It was from these last-named lodgings that he used to go to Pelligrini's to be sketched, though very unwillingly." Reference is made here to a letter dated January 11, 1881: "I saw the photographs at Pelligrini's; they are good, I think. He laughed at your brother; he says, 'He is all eyes,' and *I* know it, and *you* know it" (*Letters from General Gordon to his Sister*). Gordon's rooms were on the first floor. (Born 1833. Died 1885.)

Nearly a mile must be traversed to our next point of interest. Queen's Gate Terrace, opposite Victoria Grove in Gloucester Road, leads into Queen's Gate; following this southward to Cromwell Road we proceed, past the National History Museum, eastward. From South Kensington Station the distance is a third of a mile.

Brompton Square lies north of the Brompton Road, and on the north-east or metropolitan side of the South Kensington Museum. At **No. 22** lived, 1826–1836, **George Colman the Younger**. His reputation as a dramatist, which may be said to survive only, if at all, in *The Heir-at-Law*, as far as the stage is concerned, was equalled in his life by his social qualities and witty conversation. Comparing his laughing humour with the wit, "always saturnine and sometimes savage," of Sheridan,

Lord Byron said, "If I had to choose, and could not have both at a time, I should say, let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman. Sheridan for dinner, Colman for supper." "The Prince Regent," it is said, "listened with attention when George Colman talked;" and Curran was much mortified, at a dinner-party the day before his death, by Colman anticipating by apt quotation and pointed remark almost everything that Curran would have said" (Croker's *Walk from London to Fulham*). (Born 1762. Died 1836.)

At the same house, in later years, lived **Shirley Brooks,** editor of *Punch* in succession to Mr. Mark Lemon; which post he held until his death. In connection with his novels, a suggestion arises that their indifferent hold upon public favour may possibly be accounted for by the fact that their production does not appear to have taken a very strong hold of the author. In one case, at all events, publication was suspended in a magazine during several months, and it was not until a threat of legal proceedings was made by the publishers that the story was completed. (Born 1816. Died 1874.)

Associations of the stage abound in Brompton Square and its vicinity. In 1835 **Charles Mathews** (see PELHAM CRESCENT) was living at **No. 52**; in 1850 **Robert Keeley** (born 1793; died 1869) was living at **No. 19**; and **John Baldwin Buckstone** (born 1802; died 1879) at **No. 6.**

The Fulham Road leads to

Brompton Crescent.—At **No. 20, James Robinson Planché** (born 1796; died 1880) lived 1822 to 1844. Leigh Hunt took tea with him there in 1840. At **No. 13, Charles Incledon** (born 1764; died 1826) lived in the early part of the century; and **George Herbert Rodwell** (born 1802; died 1852) at **No. 15** in 1830.

Still passing along the Fulham Road, we reach

Pelham Crescent, known at the beginning of the

century as **Amelia Place.** At **No. 7** lived, 1807–1817, **John Philpot Curran,** of whom Byron said, "I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written." "Curran," writes his son, W. H. Curran, in his *Life*, "was short, slender, and ungraceful. His face was as devoid of beauty as his frame. His complexion was of that deep muddy tinge by which Dr. Swift is said to have been distinguished. He had a dark, glistening, intelligent eye, high-arched and thickly covered brows, and strong uncurled jet black hair." He is described as compulsorily careful in his diet from constitutional weakness, though occasionally exceeding in the use of wine in accordance with the custom of the time; negligent in dress, but scrupulous in personal cleanliness.

7 Pelham Crescent.

"The forenoon he generally passed in a solitary ramble through the neighbouring fields and gardens" (long since built over), "and in the evening he enjoyed the conversation of a few friends; but though the brilliancy of his wit shone to the last, he seemed like one who had outlived everything that was worth enjoying." This is exemplified in Curran's melancholy repartee to his medical attendant a few days before his decease. The doctor remarked that the patient's cough was not improved. "That is odd," remarked Curran, "for I have been practising all night." (Born 1750. Died 1817.)

At **No. 25** was living, in 1865, **Charles James Mathews,** lightest and brightest of "light comedians." In 1869, at the age of sixty-six, he made a tour of the world, and was performing at Manchester within a fort-

night of his death—the result of a cold caught while driving to Manchester from Stalybridge. In a letter recently published he writes from here, to the effect that "he was always at home until one o'clock." The writer of these lines recalls an occasion on which he called at Pelham Crescent about that hour, and the information that Mr. Mathews was "not up yet," was followed by a note of apology (?), and the remark, "If you will call in the middle of the night you must take the consequences." (Born 1803. Died 1878.)

Onslow Square.—At **No. 36**, on the east side, near the church, lived, 1853–1862, **William Makepeace Thackeray.** Mrs. Ritchie, in a private note to Mr. Hutton printed in his *Literary Landmarks*, says:

36 Onslow Square.

> Our old house was the fourth, counting the end house, from the corner by the church in Onslow Square, the church being on the left hand, and the avenue of old trees running in front of our drawing-room windows. I used to look up from the avenue and see my father's head bending over his work in the study window, which was over the drawing-room.

No. 36 is still the "fourth house," though Mr. Hutton, apparently misled by the *addition* of a few numbers to the square on the side of the church, says "Onslow Square has been re-numbered." The two rooms on the second floor were thrown into one which comprised bedroom and study, the front portion being used as the latter. We may imagine the novelist here, writing in his dressing-gown and slippers, "lighting a cigar and moving about

the room at intervals, and changing his position with great frequency, seeming most at ease when he was, to all appearance, most uncomfortable" (Hodder's *Memories of My Time*). *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, and the *Lectures on the Four Georges*, were produced during his residence here, and the editorship of the *Cornhill* commenced. Mr. Hodder, who was Thackeray's amanuensis, gives us a picture of his departure here for America:

A cab was at the door, the luggage had all been properly disposed of, and the servants stood in the hall to notify by looks how much they regretted their master's departure. "This is the moment I have dreaded," said Thackeray, as he entered the dining-room to embrace his daughters; and when he hastily descended the steps to the door he knew that they would be at the window to "cast one longing, lingering look behind." "Good-bye," he murmured, in a suppressed voice, as I followed him to the cab; "keep close beside me, and let me try to jump in unseen." The instant the door of the vehicle was closed upon him he threw himself back into a corner and buried his face in his hands.

(See THACKERAY, pages 91, 135, 137.) (Born 1811. Died 1863.)

The following points of interest in Chelsea may be reached, within a mile, by following the Fulham Road to Oakley Street.

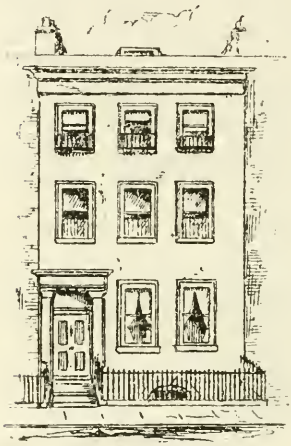
CHELSEA.

Direct communication is by "Chelsea" omnibus from Charing Cross or Piccadilly to Oakley Street, or by steamboat to Chelsea Pier.

Upper Cheyne Row connects Cheyne Row and Oakley Street. At the Cheyne Row end, at **No. 10** (formerly No. 4) lived, in 1834, **Leigh Hunt**. Carlyle, his close neighbour, has left us a picture of Hunt's home here (see Froude's *Life of Carlyle*), in which figure "four or five strange, beautiful, gipsy-looking children," "a sickly large wife," old rickety chairs, ragged carpets, "books, paper, egg-shells, scissors, and last night, when I was there, the

torn heart of a half-quartern loaf." Hunt himself in a "loose flowing 'muslin cloud' of a printed night-gown, in which he always writes . . . . a most interesting, pitiable, lovable man, to be used kindly but with discretion." (See HUNT, pages 114, 144.) (Born 1784. Died 1859.)

Cheyne Row is the great point of attraction for the hero worshipper in Chelsea, **No. 24** (formerly No. 5)



10 Upper Cheyne Row.

24 Cheyne Row.

having been the residence for nearly fifty years of **Thomas Carlyle**. "A right old, strong, roomy, brick house, eminent, antique, wainscoted to the very ceiling," as he himself describes it. It was finally selected, as the result of prolonged house-hunting on his arrival in London with Mrs. Carlyle in 1835, and here he laboured and physically suffered and complained—"a dyspeptic on a diet of oatmeal porridge," as Oliver Wendell Holmes describes him (*Our Hundred Days in Europe*)—for

nearly half a century. He died in the drawing-room, whither his bed had been removed. His deceased wife's "workbox and other ladies' trifles lay about in their old places. He had forbidden them to be removed, and they stood within reach of his dying hand" (Froude's *Carlyle*). Oliver Wendell Holmes went in search of Carlyle's house in 1887, and found a "dingy three-story brick house . . . . far from attractive. It was untenanted, neglected, its windows were unwashed, a pane of glass broken, its threshold appeared untrodden, its whole aspect forlorn and desolate." All this is now changed. The present tenant and leaseholder of "Carlyle House," with a due regard to its traditions, has prevailed on the landlord to rescind his former objection to the placing of a memorial tablet on the front, and the handsome marble medallion tablet, which the Carlyle Society had formerly to content themselves with placing at the corner of the street, now occupies its proper place. Another note by the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," may find a fitting place here. He says, "I saw crossing the street a middle-aged woman, a decent body. . . . . I asked her if she remembered Mr. Carlyle. Indeed she did, she told us. She used often to see him in front of his house, putting bits of bread on the railings for the birds. 'He did not like to see anything wasted,' he said." Probably Carlyle's character is most truly summed up by Mr. Froude in his Introduction to the *Life:*

> He despised luxury; he was thrifty and even severe in the economy of his own household, but in the time of his greatest poverty he had always something to spare for those who were dear to him. . . . . Tender-hearted and affectionate he was beyond all men whom I have ever known. His faults, which in his late remorse he exaggerated, as men of noblest natures are most apt to do, his impatience, his irritability, his singular melancholy, which made him at times a distressing companion, were the effects of temperament first and of a peculiarly sensitive organization; and, secondly, of absorption in his work, and of his determination to do that work as well as it could possibly be done.

(Born 1795. Died 1881.)

Cheyne Walk.—There is a statue of Carlyle on the Embankment here, and a fountain commemorative of **Dante Gabriel Rossetti,** who lived at **No. 16** for eighteen years before his death in 1882. Mr. Hall Caine, in his *Recollections* of Rossetti, gives a vivid picture of its unattractive aspect at the time of his first making Rossetti's acquaintance in 1880. Rossetti himself he describes as "of full middle height and inclining to corpulence . . . . large grey eyes, with a steady introspective look, surmounted by broad protrusive brows." The nose "well cut, and had large breathing nostrils. . . . . The mouth and chin were hidden beneath a heavy moustache and abundant beard."

4 Cheyne Walk.

No. 4 was the last residence of **George Eliot,** who for two years before her death, which took place here, was the wife of Mr. Cross, whom she married a few months only after the death of Mr. G. H. Lewes. (See Eliot, pages 119, 131.) (Born 1819. Died 1880.)

At this house also, for about ten years before his death, 1860–1870, lived **Daniel Maclise,** memorable alike as an artist and the intimate friend and associate of Charles Dickens, described as "a tall, commanding figure, six feet two in height, and in the prime of life, eminently handsome, with a profusion of dark hair." (Born 1811. Died 1870.)

At **No. 119**, one of two cottages at the western end of "the Walk," **J. Mallord W. Turner**—lodging with a landlady whose name he borrowed, calling himself Mr. Booth, and by the boys christened Admiral Booth and

Puggy Booth—spent his later days and died. He kept his residence here a secret from his acquaintance; encountering one of them on one occasion in a neighbouring tavern, he ceased to frequent the house. He used often to get up at daybreak and go on the railed roof to watch the changing tints at sunrise. (See TURNER, page 101.) (Born 1775. Died 1851.)

PIMLICO.

At the side of Victoria Station runs **Buckingham Palace Road. No. 100** (formerly known as 30 Lower Belgrave Place), at the corner of Eccleston Street, was, from 1827 till 1841, the residence of **Sir Francis Chantrey,** and now bears the name of "Chantrey House." In person Chantrey was short; his features were very fine; his eyes, which were very lustrous, had a most intelligent expression, yet for several years one of them was sightless, "and it was an amusement with him to challenge his friends to discover which one was so." His animal spirits and love of fun were very great. Constable, in a letter to a friend describing the varnishing days previous to the Exhibition of 1826, writes: "Chantrey loves painting, and is always upstairs. He works now and then on my pictures. Yesterday he joined our group, and after exhausting his jokes on my landscape, he took up a dirty palette, threw it at me,

Chantrey House.

and was off." Mr. George Jones, from whose *Recollections* of Chantrey the above extracts are taken, says, "he was a good shot and a cheerful liver." In one letter we read, "Only one dinner a day! hardly enough to keep body and soul together." That he knew how to abstain, however, is proved by another passage: "Doctors, a fig for you! I am hearty and well; nothing like prison allowance and the treadmill." Two years before his death, health and spirits alike failed, and, being seized with sudden pain in the stomach while walking with a friend near Trafalgar Square, the attack which he jocularly referred to colic, refusing companionship home, proved fatal within two hours, and was pronounced to be an affection of the heart. (See CHANTREY, page 58.) (Born 1781. Died 1842.)

At **No. 98,** two doors from Chantrey's house, lived, 1824–1842, **Allan Cunningham,** who commenced his career in London with literature, and subsequently became assistant to Chantrey, while employing his leisure on *The Lives of the Painters* and other works. Mrs. Thomson (*Recollections of Literary Characters*) describes him as

> very tall, an ample forehead, deep-set thoughtful eyes that beamed with kindness when he spoke, broad Scottish cheeks, homely yet characteristic features. Cunningham had completed his *Life of Wilkie* only the day before he died. . . . . The last time I saw him was in Chantrey's studio. . . . . The axe was laid to the root of the tree, his days were numbered. . . . . Wilkie was then living; he had heard from him, he was "well." In a year or more that gallery, so silent then, was still as death, for Death, pointing to the unfinished works, said, "Stop there!" Chantrey had been summoned by imperative decree, Wilkie was no more, Cunningham, ere yet the marble had received the last touches from his hands, ere he had obeyed the behest of his friend that all should be completed, had yielded up his spirit at his Maker's call.

(Born 1786. Died 1842.)

The only route which is not both unattractive and intricate to our final destination is by Victoria Street

and round by Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.

WESTMINSTER.

Abingdon Street.—At **No. 24, Thomas Telford,** the first among engineers to apply iron to the construction of bridges, resided subsequently to 1820, when he removed from the Salopian Coffee House, now the Ship Hotel, at Charing Cross, where it is reported the successive landlords of the house had for twenty years "bought and sold him from time to time with the goodwill of the business," a suite of apartments having been always reserved for his use. When he decided on removal, "the landlord, who had recently entered into possession, stood almost aghast . . . . 'Why, sir, I have just paid £750 for you!' A previous tenant had only paid £400, but the price rose as Telford's reputation increased" (see Smiles' *Lives of the Engineers: Telford*). (Born 1757. Died 1834.)

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